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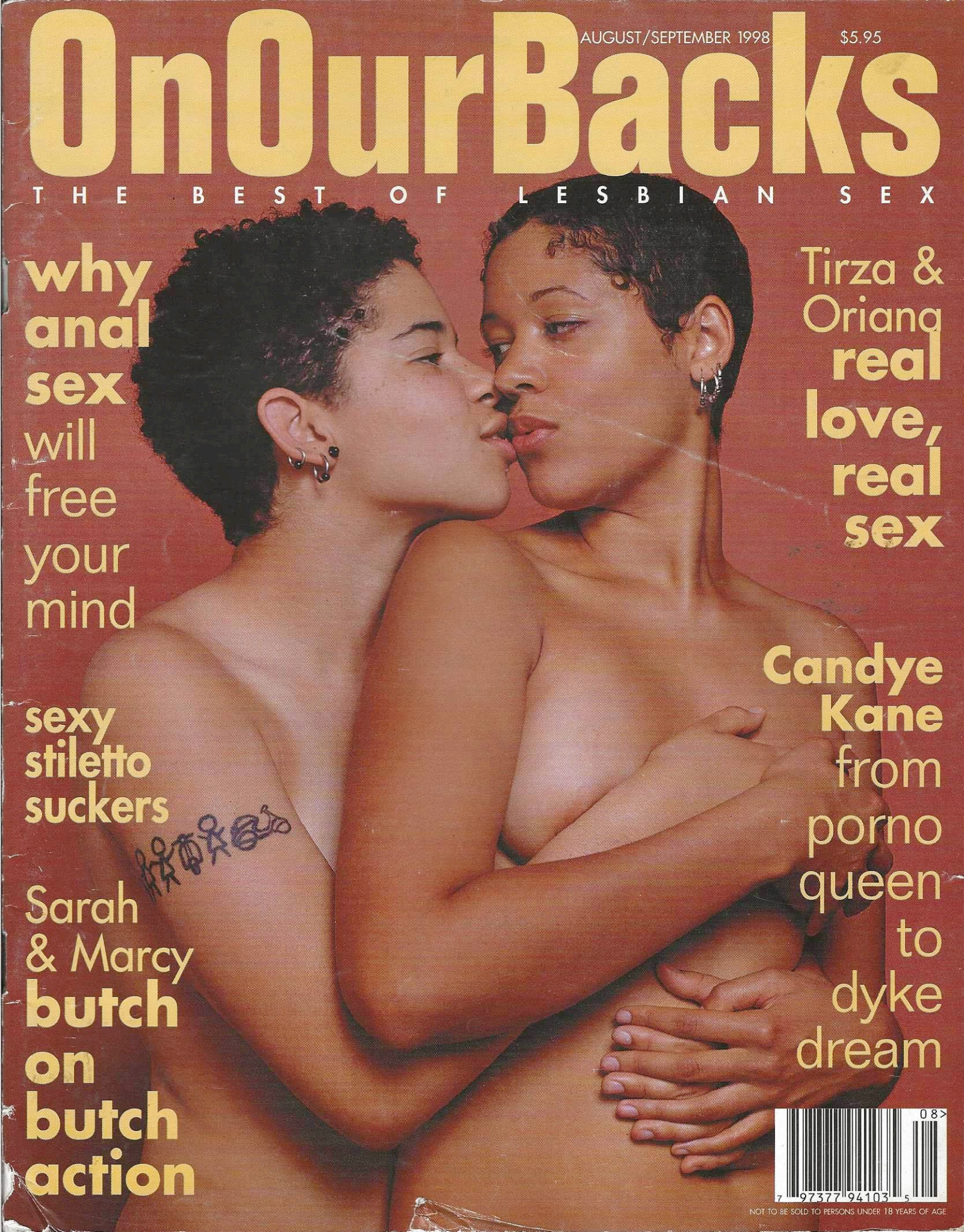

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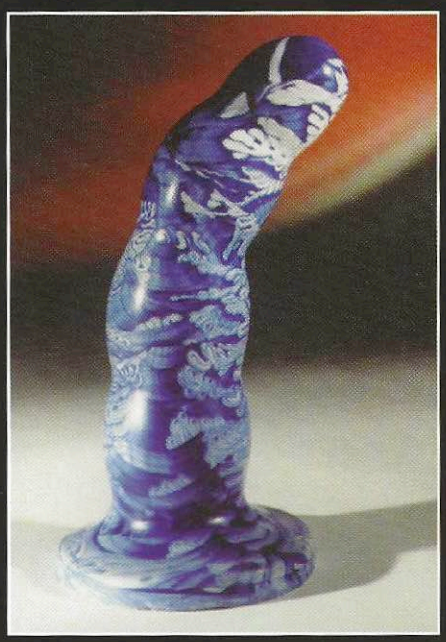

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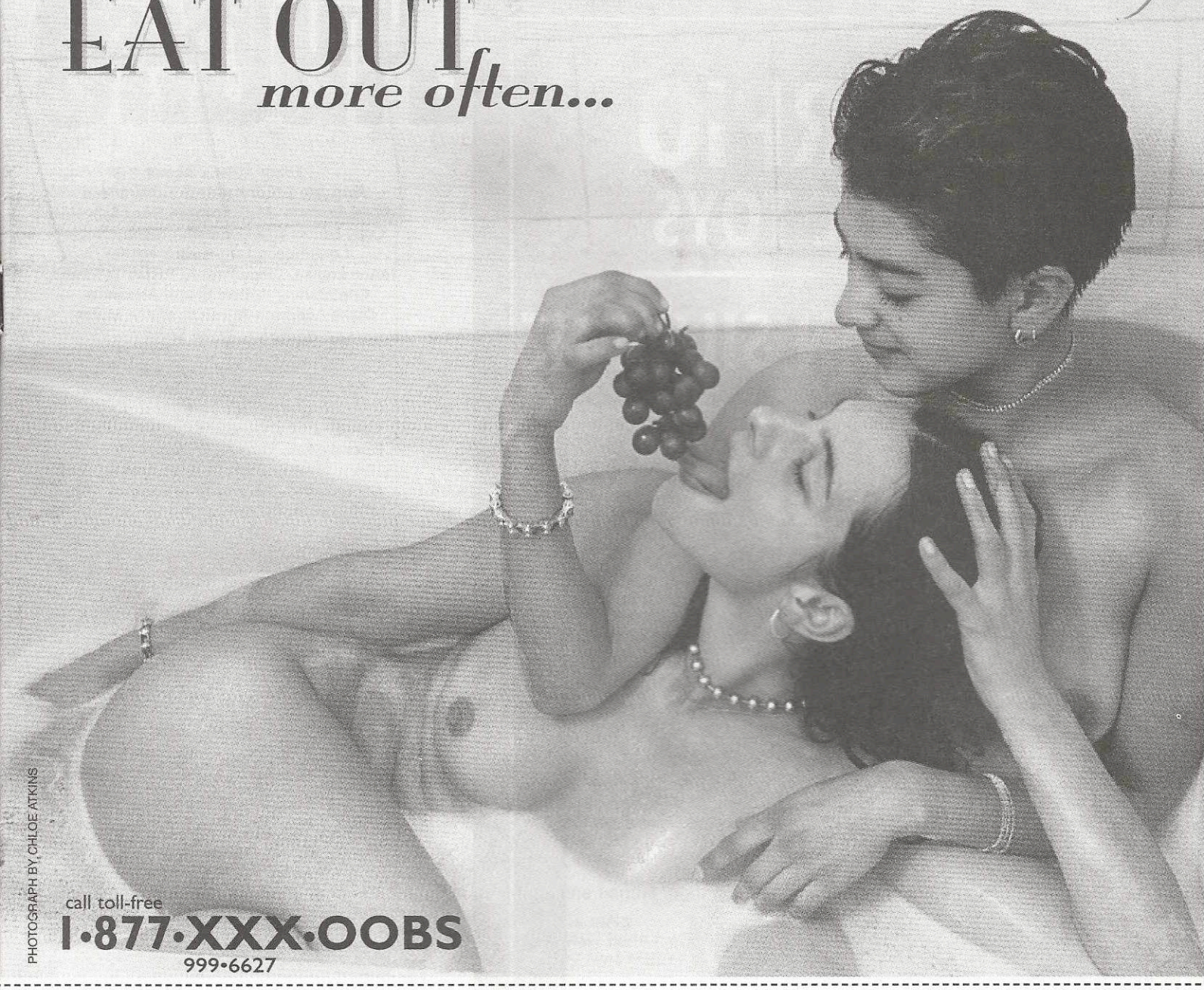

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHLOE ATKINS

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Volume 13, Issue 2

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H. A. F. ENTERPRISES
publisher of **On Our Backs, Girlfriends,** and the **San Francisco Pride Guide**

Publisher **Erin Findlay**
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For orders, address changes, or renewals call toll free 1.877.XXX.OOBS (1.877.999.6627) 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. PST, or write **On Our Backs,** P.O. Box 448, Mount Morris, IL 61054-04. One-year subscriptions are $34.95 (for Canadian subscribers add $10.00; all other foreign subscribers add $15) and include 6 issues. Single issues $5.95. U.S. funds only. Visa/MC, checks, and money orders accepted.

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On Our Backs is published bi-monthly by H.A.F. Enterprises, LLC, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110. Application to mail at periodical postage rates is pending at San Francisco, CA. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to **On Our Backs,** P.O. Box 448, Mount Morris, IL 61054-0448.

On Our Backs on the World Wide Web:
http://www.gfriends.com/onourbacks

Newsstand circulation is through Big Top Publisher Services.
phone 415.974.1544 or
e-mail info@bigtoppubs.com

OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

August/September 1998
Volume 13, Number 2

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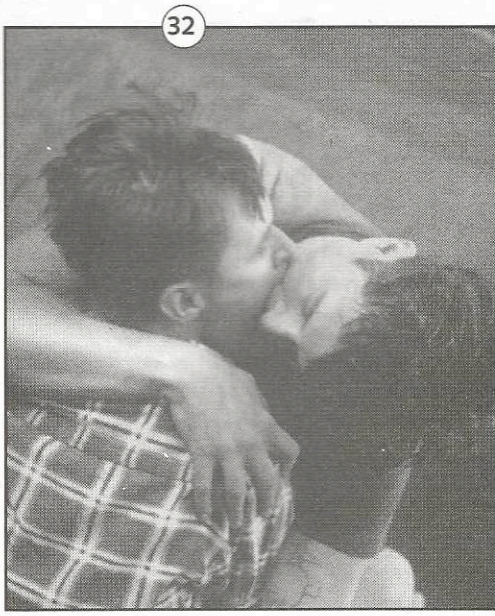

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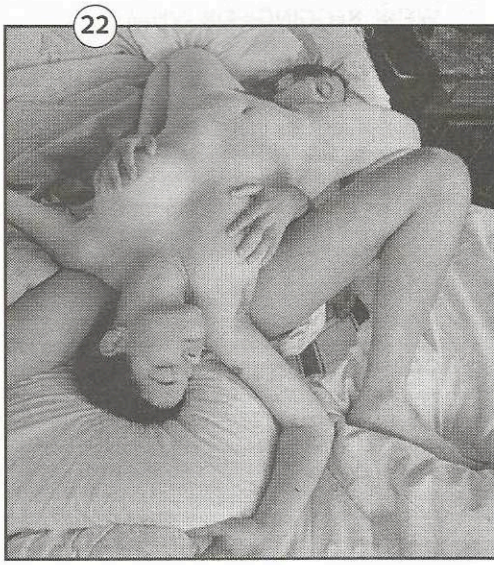

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SORORITY RUSH

I remember the rush I used to get in college when I was traipsing around the city to get the latest **On Our Backs**. I'm so happy you're back! Let me be the first to welcome you with open arms—and legs, too!

Jillian
[Town withheld], Connecticut

OH BABY

What a turn on—I can't wait 'till your next issue.

Tricia Gussler
Anaheim, California

YOU GO, GIRL

I love the fact that your pictures are sexy and portray real people. As a new dyke in her early thirties, I wanna climb the nearest hill, **On Our Backs** in hand, and yell, "Yeeehaaa!—Let my life (finally) begin!"

Eilis na Poirier
Wilton, Maine

RUBYFRUIT JINGLE

I'm delighted you all are dedicated to the best of lesbian sex. Practice makes perfect!

Rita Mae Brown
Afton, Virginia

COLOR US ASHAMED

There wasn't much ethnic diversity in the new **On Our Backs**. The lack of positive images of lesbian sexuality is especially severe in African-American and Latino communities. A magazine like yours could help fill that void. A little color could serve to spice up even black and white pages!

A.B.
New Haven, Connecticut

OOB: *We had the same criticism of the first issue—we had a Latina model (Rocio of "Rocio and Melanie"), but that was it. We're doing better (check out "Tirza and Orianna," "Sex Couture," the illustration for "Fist," and the photo that accompanies "Back Talk"), but we're still lacking in women-of-color photographers, artists, and writers. All you talented women of color: please send us your stuff! And keep in touch—diversity is part of our mission and we need your feedback.*

WE'RE BEGGING FOR WHAT?

Leather body corsets? Ropes and whips? Fist fucking? Rape fantasies? Dildos, for crying out loud?

Except for "Sex in the Shower," your magazine is a waste. I don't even know why you bothered republishing if your aim was to turn off 80 percent of dykes and appeal to hetero men. If one of you gets raped by a guy in a parking garage, don't come crying to me. He'll have a perfect right to say you were begging for it.

Lynn René Bayley
Cincinnati, Ohio

OOB: *We disagree—photos of lesbian sex do not "make" men rape women. For more, we suggest* The Issue Is Power, *by Melanie Kaye/Kantrowitz.*

PUSSY LOVER

Dawn Dixon is beautiful and very sexy, especially when she is spread. Pussy shots are exciting to me. I have always enjoyed "men's magazines" for that reason. I lust and cream and fuck myself when I look at them.

Denesa, Marta, and Kim
[Town withheld], Arkansas

SPRINKLE ON THE BUTCHES

I love and adore Nina Hartley, and I think your interview with her was excellent.

On Our Backs broke down a lot of stereotypes before, which was fantastic. It included femmes and bisexual women. It was very important in that way. But now times have changed. I'd like to get back to the old lesbian clichés and stereotypes! Does this make any sense? I want heavy, hairy, muscular...lesbians that look extremely lesbian!

Annie Sprinkle
Sausalito, California

OOB: *Check out the hot, hairy dykes on page 32.*

THE BOTTOM LINE

Welcome back! It seems like ages since **On Our Backs** left us horny and starved—I just gorged on your June/July issue!

One question: Did Nina move her hand over Athena's ass in a suggestive way?

Rae Marlowe
Portland, Oregon

OOB: *Not only did she move suggestively, we have the grope on video! We call it "Nina's Roving Hand." Send us office furniture for 13 and we'll dub you a copy.*

CHEESE ALERT

I enjoyed your comeback issue, except for the pictures of Heather and Antonia. Erotic? Skanky is more like it. And what was going on with the cheesy closed-captioning? Come on **On Our Backs**, you're capable of much classier material, as evidenced by your cover girls ("Rocio and Melanie") in the same issue—they were sexy and hot.

K. M.
Fremont, California

JERK OFF MATERIAL

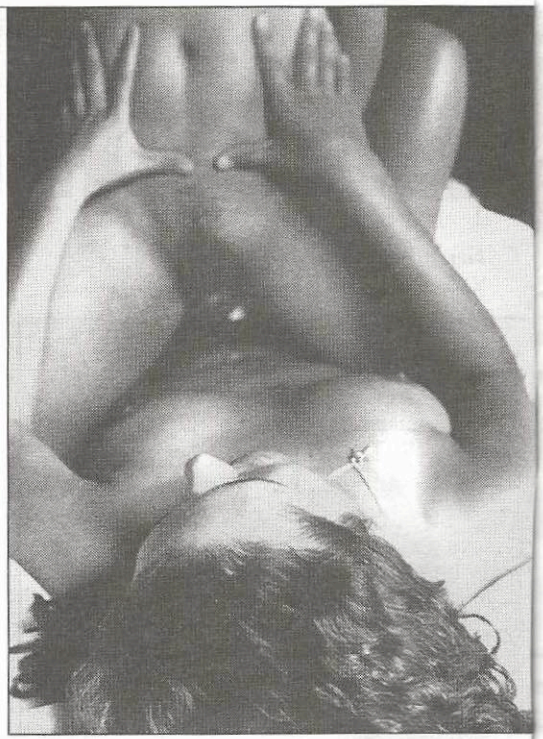
I've never known a woman who gets off to porn. But when my girlfriend and I got your first issue, I tried to check it out, she grabbed it, and we wound up fighting over who got to look first. We looked together, and while it didn't get us off per se, it did get us feeling sexual, which led to us talking about our sex life, which led to us having sex. So indirectly, I guess we did get off on it. Thanks.

[Name withheld]
San Francisco, California

LOOK BEFORE YOU FUCK!

Being the toy slut that I am, I turned to the product reviews first ("Try it," June/July). Ooops. The dildo you mention is the Treasure Chest by Vixen. Too bad the photo is of a Realistic dildo, also by Vixen.

Clovis
San Francisco, California



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE ANN McGUIRE

WE DICKED UP

A few corrections regarding Jill Nagle's dildo feature ("My Big Fat Dick," June/July): Honey Lee Cottrell was never the manager of Good Vibrations. Good Vibes could not possibly have sold 250,000 dildos. If "Tracy" is 23 years old now, she's been out since she was 11, and she surely hasn't been with enough women to draw those ridiculous conclusions about rich women. So what is "a" National Sexual Health Survey? The article implies that non-white women use dildos less than white women because dildos cost so much (watch the racist implications). Furthermore, low-end dildos do not "cost more than high-end vibrators."

Joani Blank
Oakland, California

OOB: *We kneel corrected.*

PICTURE PERFECT

The new **On Our Backs** is just the right mix of nastiness, intelligence, and beauty. Chloe Atkins's pictorial of Rocio and Melanie makes me remember what it is like to be in love while making love. I can't wait to hear more of Tristan Taormino's adventures. And kudos to my former alumna, Jamie Griffiths ("Sex at the Lex"). Way to go, girls! Keep the good stuff coming! I'll be waiting.

Marcia Wall
San Diego, California

Clarifications: In our June/July issue, the nipple rings were reviewed by Dana Schneider, not Kulfi Simone; our letters photo was by Mariette Pathy Allen, not LeeAnn McGuire; and the distributor for *"Deep Throat"* is "Laser City." We also mistakenly omitted both reprint permission and credit information for the Back Talk photo on page 48. It should have read, "Photo by Tee A. Corinne, reproduced from *Femalia*. Reprinted with permission from Down There Press." Our sincere apologies to all.

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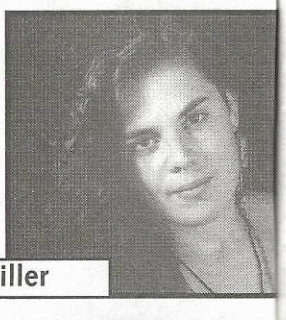
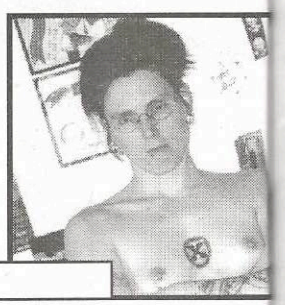


Both fiction pieces in this issue come from our horny northern neighbor, Canada. "There's a lot of untapped talent up here," says Elaine Miller, author of "Fist" (page 31). A native of Vancouver, Miller works as the editor of *Diversity,* a pansexual magazine that covers "anything kink oriented." She identifies as a femme dyke daddy who's "seriously into genderfuck" with a boot fetish that's second only to her knife fetish. Miller has also worked with *Lezzie Smut* magazine, and her writing appears in *The Best Lesbian Erotica 1998.*

Elaine Miller

"Dildos have been popping up a lot in my work a lot lately," notes fellow Canadian K. Munro. True to form, her piece "Still Life with Dildo" (page 38) features a dildo-wielding dyke and a realistic view of a one-night stand's blend of awkwardness and lust. "I find it difficult to take the more romanticized stuff seriously," says Munro. "I enjoy fiction more when it's rough and quirky." She has also been published in *Bad Attitude* and the recently-released collection *A Midsummer's Night Dream.*

K. Munro



Her name is one letter away from spelling "Fist." Coincidence? We think not. Check out Fish's illustration on page 30 and you'll see what we mean. She took to her task like—well, never mind. "I like to draw fierce girls," says Fish, whose erotic drawings have appeared in *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women, The Topping Book, The Bottoming Book,* and her 'zine *Brat Attack.* She also uses her drawing talents on flesh, working as a tattoo artist. She says she likes tattooing because it gives her the chance to do her art "up close and personal."

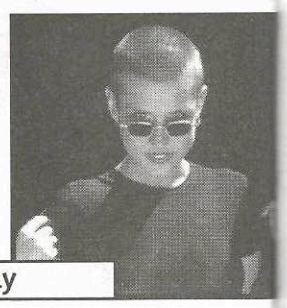
Fish

Ricky Lee never suffered from career indecision: "I told my college professor I wanted to be a pornographer." Lee says. "She thought I was nuts." But Lee stuck with it, giving us our hot butch-butch pictorial (page 32). She cites fag porn as her primary influence, and says she liked this shoot because "regular working-class butches are so little represented." Lee also makes videos; she just finished a soft-core action-adventure flick called *Butch Girls, Reservoir Dykes, and Faggot Whores,* which has appeared at film festivals in New York and San Francisco.

Ricky Lee

JoAnn Loulan is our resident hands-on expert and author of our "How-To" column (page 15). She says nothing we could ask would stump her. "I know I look like every other mother whose kid goes to Sacred Heart," she says, "but that's not how I am." Loulan is a psychotherapist and author of *Lesbian Sex, Lesbian Passion,* and *The Lesbian Erotic Dance.* She is currently working on a book that explores lesbian identity and sexual orientation.

JoAnn Loulan



"As soon as I saw Chelsea in that mesh dress, I knew I wanted to shoot her in the hotel's hallway," says Heat Ray, whose pictorial appears on page 16. "And it's not like we were going to ask the hotel's permission to do it." Ray says she enjoys the rush of taking risks to get just the right photo, but she retains a deep respect for her models. "I don't take a picture, they give it to me," she says. "I'm just there to witness it."

Heat Ray

Compiled by Kathleen Hildenbrand

The first out lesbian I ever met, Carol, was a writer and an ardent feminist. She was also a nude dancer. Later, she became a hooker, and then a stockbroker.

The year I met Carol, I was posing nude for a former art teacher. For good money and a bottle of whiskey, I found it infinitely more rewarding than waiting tables. I couldn't figure it out. My women's studies classes taught that all sex workers were degraded and unenlightened. Then why was Carol the most tolerant, most independent, and most articulate feminist I had ever met? And why was I finding posing so fulfilling?

Our first two interview subjects for the new **On Our Backs**—first porn star Nina Hartley and now blues singer Candye Kane (see page 20)—have both worked in the sex industry. Like Carol, they're brilliant, powerful women with valuable perspectives on lesbian sexuality.

For some, that's not enough. In 1998, sex is still seen as dangerous—symbolically, politically, and physically—and women who dare to put price tags on their sexual prowess are controversial figures both in the lesbian community and America at large.

But there's no easy line between sex workers and nonsex workers. To some degree, sex work is one end of a continuum we're all on: It may be unromantic to think that who you fuck depends on what they have to offer you in exchange, but it's very often the case. The real lie is in thinking you can always separate sex and what you need to survive, whether it's a warm bed, love, or money.

In New York City, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani found an easy answer to his fear of sex-for-money: he closed 138 sex stores with one zoning law. Even after a federal appeals court ruled that a committee needed to examine the constitutionality of such a law, Giuliani still won: all but a handful of the city's sex shops have been "relocated" to the New York City's outskirts. Stores so far unaffected by the decision–including feminist institution Eve's Garden–are consulting lawyers as this goes to print.

Unlike Giuliani, we're not here to 'protect' you. Here at **On Our Backs**, we honor women who've followed their wants and turn-ons like hound dogs. And when those desires include money—from renting a porn video to stripping—we honor that, too.

Here's wishing that everything you want—from your heart, pussy, and bank account—comes to you in the way you would most like to obtain it.

Heels up,

Athena Douris, editor

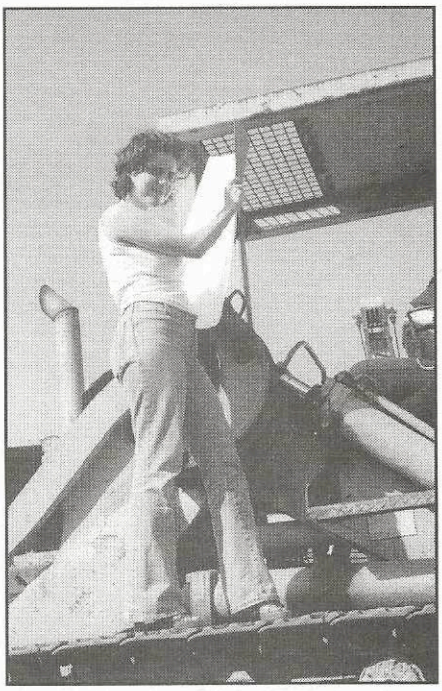


PHOTO BY RICKY LEE

That's me, former nude model, now assistant at Sarah and Marcy's shoot.

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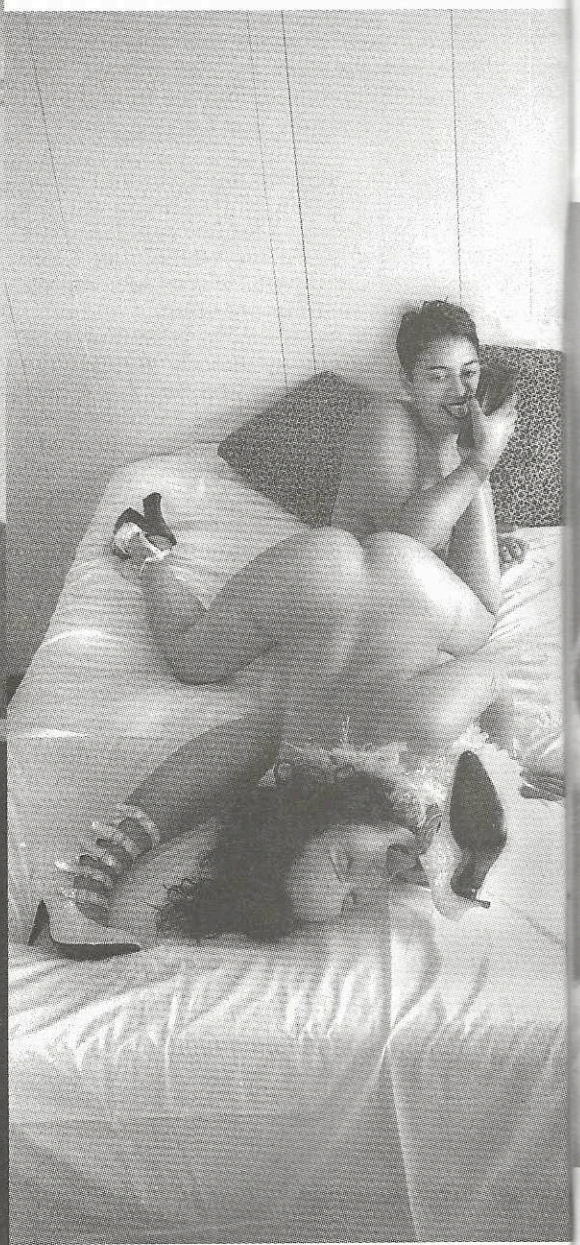

THIS PAGE.
Standing: White back-lace high-heeled boots, $159.
Seated: Superhero boots with appliquéed stars, $149.

Bottom: Iridescent glitter, five-strap spike-heeled boots, $139.
Top: Silver glitter sandals with chunk heel, $89.

OPPOSITE PAGE.
Near Left: Black baby-doll stilettos, $79.
Right: Red platform seven and one-half inch heels, $99.

Far Left: Gold glitter, wide-strap stiletto mule, $54.
Right: Leopard faux-fur stiletto mule, $49.

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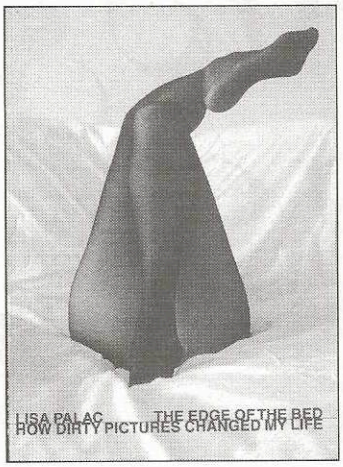
Sexy Sapphos Suck Stilettos

Plenty of things are bad for you, but none are as sexy as six and one half-inch heels. This fall, girls all across the country are wearing high, high heels—and nothing else—to keep their beds warm. At least, that's our dream.

Models: Felicity and Nicole

Photography by Heat Ray



The Edge of the Bed: How Dirty Pictures Changed My Life

Lisa Palac
(Little, Brown)

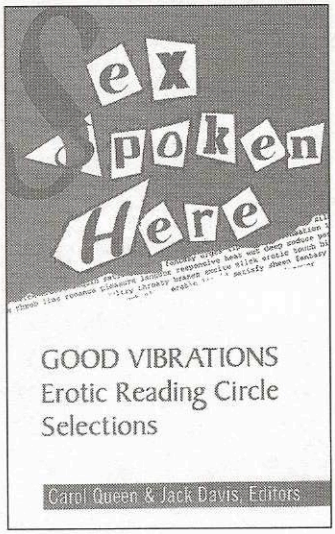
The life of a feminist pornographer is not all glamour. Lisa Palac tells how she almost had to be in a sex scene with her frustrated boss when an actress didn't show up for the filming of *Suburban Dykes,* and of the time Susie Bright overdosed on smart drugs during the taping of the *Cybergasm* CD and felt Palac up in the sound booth before passing out. Palac was an editor at the old **On Our Backs,** so Bright is a frequent and colorful presence in the book, whether she's snapping, "The difference between pornography and erotica is class, okay?" or hiring two call boys with Palac. Even though the end of the book devolves into Palac's gushy account of falling in love and getting married, the rest offers a fascinating glimpse behind the scenes of the sex wars. **kh**
Grade:

Sex Spoken Here: Good Vibrations Erotic Reading Circle Selections

Carol Queen & Jack Davis, ed.
(Down There Press)

Just when you think you've seen it all, along comes some fiction still able to raise eyebrows. *Sex Spoken Here* is all over the sexual spectrum, leaving the reader alternately cringing, fascinated, and aroused. Carol Queen fantasizes about sex with a big white dog, Calla Conova gets turned on by calla lilies and garden fairies, and Cat Ross tells of a dyke rubbing body parts with a femme-y guy. The only thing these stories have in common is their transgression of boundaries.

The book's diversity is its greatest strength, but could also be its major weakness, as it will not appeal to those looking for stories strictly within their own orientation. But amidst the drag queens and vampires and everything in between, there is some old-fashioned hot dyke action, with Katia Noyes, Tristan Taormino, and Lori Selke strengthening the lesbian contingent. This book is best suited for the curious and brave; closed minds need not apply. **kh**
Grade:

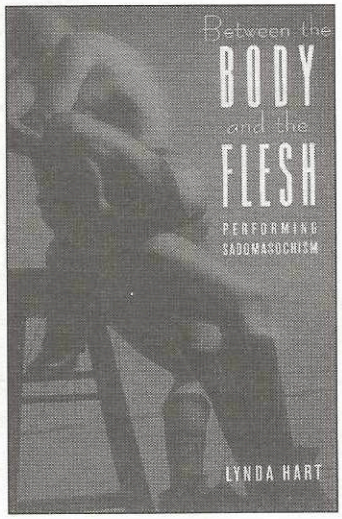


Between the Body and the Flesh: Performing Sadomasochism

Lynda Hart
(Columbia University Press)

"I like theory," Hart states in her introduction, "It is a kind of fetish for me; it turns me on." Nonetheless, her book is not exactly one-handed reading. It is quite academic in tone, which is not to say dry. It is very dense, however, though thankfully not littered with the slashes and parentheses common to its postmodern ilk.

Hart explores such varied territory as the psychic geography of sex shops, the similarities in cadence of poetic meter and a physical beating, and the formation and utilization of fantasy and its relation to SM practice (or is that performance?). The texts she examines include the fiction of Dorothy Allison, the performance art of Bob Flanagan, Ron Athey, and Karen Finley, and more classical writings such as Freud's "A Child Is Being Beaten" and Sacher-Masoch's *Venus in Furs*.



Her arguments are nuanced and sophisticated, and, in the end, downright fascinating. If theory's your kink, too, this book is a must-read. **ls**
Grade:

I'll Be Your Mirror

Nan Goldin
(Scalo)

From the beginning of her career as a photographer in Boston and New York to the present, Goldin's work—predominately portraiture—is concerned with unleashing the intensity of her subjects. And from her earlier days as a budding photographer whose main interest was drag queens and MTF transgender friends, to the later photos of her lovers (both men and women), Goldin exhibits a remarkable eye for the sensual.

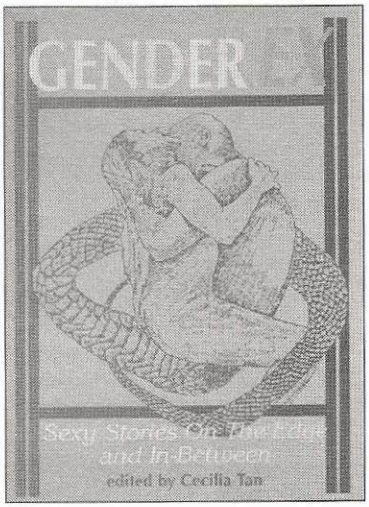
Many of Goldin's photos follow the evolution of the intimate people in her life. Her self-portraiture and the images of her lover Suzanne are especially striking. Those that track her friends' spiral towards death from AIDS—especially her close friend, Cookie Mueller, of

Phone sexiness from *I'll Be Your Mirror*

John Waters fame—are moving and beautifully intense.

Words really do not do these images justice. In a world in which few female erotic photographers ever see publication, it is exciting to see an artist so versatile and work as erotic as it is provocative. **mce**

Grade:

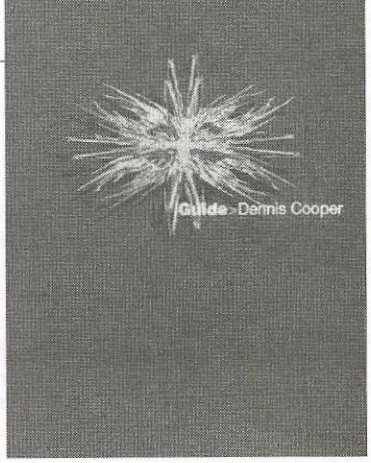


Genderflex: Sexy Stories on the Edge and In Between

Cecilia Tan, ed.
(Circlet Press)

Truth be told, aside from a few morsels that ranged from bearable to enticing, *Genderflex* did not float my boat. The content of this collection of erotic stories is a mix of science fiction, fantasy, goth, futuristic space travel, and magic involving characters who are part human, part machine, hermaphroditic, gender-changable, or with made-up parts and genders. The stories are set in places as widely varied and imaginatively titled as Ambivalia (the far off land of Gary Bowen's "Heir Apparent") and Waterjewel, a place whose inhabitants have five distinct genders. This book is trying to push the boundaries of fluidity, but for me the loss of human grounding made it all just blend together. In the introduction, Tan celebrates the freedom "to explore some very out-of-this-world erotic possibilities," but some of us need to touch down to get off. **ds**

Grade:



Guide

Dennis Cooper
(Grove Press)

Guide is so fucked up, it's unbelievable. The narrator's a heroin-addicted writer whose sexual obsession is to murder and mutilate his junkie, ex-child-porn-star boyfriend whom he no longer loves. After a dyke child pornographer accidentally kills her 12-year-old star with an overly zealous blow job, she decides to use his corpse for a snuff film. Several suicides later, the narrator gives a child hustler AIDS, his friends abduct and rape their favorite musician, and the boyfriend arranges his own killing at the hands of a psychotic dwarf.

In a world in which homosexuals are seen as pedophiles, murderers, and pornographers, Cooper intentionally gives birth to our worst fears about ourselves. In the end, *Guide* made me mourn my innocence and clutch to the last vestiges of my morals; that's because it's a cautionary tale, a present-day Brothers Grimm, or postmodern Flannery O'Connor. (Like O'Connor, all Cooper's sex ends in death or a concussion to prove a point.) It takes a sort of brilliance to create a work this offensive. Just don't read it on a full stomach. **ad**

Grade:

Review Staff
ad Athena Douris
mce M.C. Ettinger
kh Kathleen Hildenbrand
ds Dana Schneider
ls Lori Selke

Little Black Book
- Wash your hair instead.
- Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
- One-night stand material.
- Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
- Better than sex.

RAELYN GALLINA

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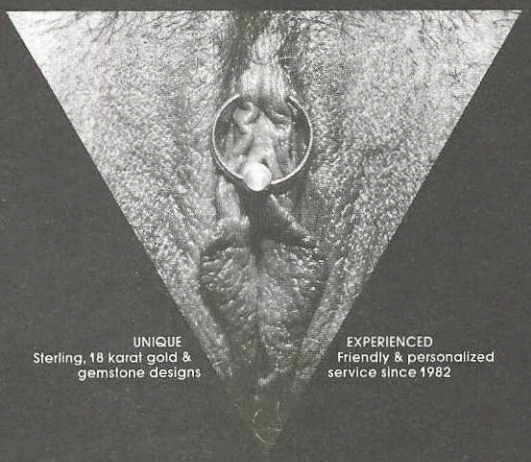

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A FETISH FOR SUSAN SARANDON

Ever wish Susan was in a porno? Well, she might as well be.

By Cindy Patton

There she is, slowly removing that crisply ironed oxford shirt, revealing. . . No! Not large breasts! I want small perky ones! Now she's in the pool, swimming aimlessly in the buff, unaware that I'm watching her . . .No! Don't get out of the water! Yuck!

The thing about fetishes is that they're, well, personal. If you know you have one, you might be able to go to a porn store and find a few, or—depending on your fetish—dozens of videos aimed at your own private desire. Some are great . . . for a while. But they were made by someone else—someone whose psychic twists and hot, wet desires may run parallel to yours, but always seem to take a different turn.

My decision to branch out for myself began quite recently, when I saw *Twilight* (distributor, 1997), the recently-released film starring a middle-aged Susan Sarandon. Was it my imagination, or had Sarandon constructed an entire filmic repertoire just to satisfy my peculiar interests? So, I taped together my favorite parts, so to speak, and had myself a rather lengthy Susan Sarandon orgy. Let me walk you through my video. . .

The Rocky Horror Picture Show

(CBS / Fox Video, 1975)

Rocky Horror is queerer than queer. After landing in the middle of a transsexual space travelers' convention, Janet and her fiancé have sex with bisexual space-alien scientists and the lead transsexual, Dr. Frank N. Furter. Sometimes employing horror style, Sarandon is at her best in the porn segment in which she has sex with the Adonis-bodied homosexual (Rocky) created by the good Doctor. But in a sublime reversal of the male-as-voyeur-of-lesbian-sex-scene, two lesbian vampires imitate and get off while watching Rocky and Janet on the surveillance monitor. Watch closely for the cum-face close-up of Susan . . . she's making that face for me.

Grade:

Who Am I This Time?

(Cinemateque Collection / Media Home Entertainment, 1982)

The incoherence of the zany Rocky Horror may have made you worry that Susan can't act. Check out the rare *Who Am I This Time?* in which Sarandon plays Helene, a temporary phone employee who joins the drama troupe in a small town. After failing at her audition, she meets the equally shy Christopher Walken who is transformed into Stanley, and inspires Sarandon to rip off half of her clothes and perform a fabulous Stella.

The two fall madly in love—but only as a series of famous characters, whose lines they deliver. All of you Brando Butches get the girl in this one!

Grade:

Atlantic City

(Paramount Home Video, 1981)

Lots of people say this is director Louis Malle's best film, but for my money, the opening scene in which Sarandon washes the seafood smell off her arms with fresh lemons is worth the entire rental price. (Rewind, please.)

Grade: —for the opening segment only!

Bull Durham

(Orion Home Video, 1988)

Ah, another full-fetish film. In this crypto-feminist story, Susan plays a middle-aged baseball groupie who stands between (or rather, tries to get both) the young stud pitcher (Tim Robbins) and the aging coach (Kevin Costner, but don't hold it against her). Robbins is made to wear a garter ("keep the heart in the back"), while Sarandon ties Costner up and reads Whitman (Walt, not Christie). She gets treated to the sexiest toenail painting ever to grace the screen. True, the sex itself is het, but the film doesn't seem too much like heterosexuality, so the whole 108 minutes can run as a series of fetishes.

Grade:

The Hunger

(MGM Home Video, 1983)

But of course, you know I'm playing with you and saving the best for last. All of the tension of watching Susan's body—in underwear, in ecstasy with an automaton, reading homoerotic poetry, and getting her dainty toes painted—culminates in *The Hunger.* You do, actually, get to see it.

As Dr. Sarah Roberts researching the possibilities of stalling the life cycle, Sarandon becomes inexplicably attracted to Mrs. Blalock (Catherine Deneuve), whose husband (David Bowie, gone after the first 15 minutes) has disappeared. The dialogue reads like a porn video, but the stunning acting by these two accomplished heartthrobs makes it very, very sexy.

In one scene, Deneuve explains that the song she plays on the piano is sung by a woman and her servant girl.

Sarandon: Is it a love song?

Deneuve: I told you it was sung by two women.

Sarandon: It sounds like a love song.

Deneuve: Then I suppose that's what it is.

Sarandon: Are you making a pass at me, Mrs. Blalock?

Deneuve: Miriam.

Sarandon: Miriam?

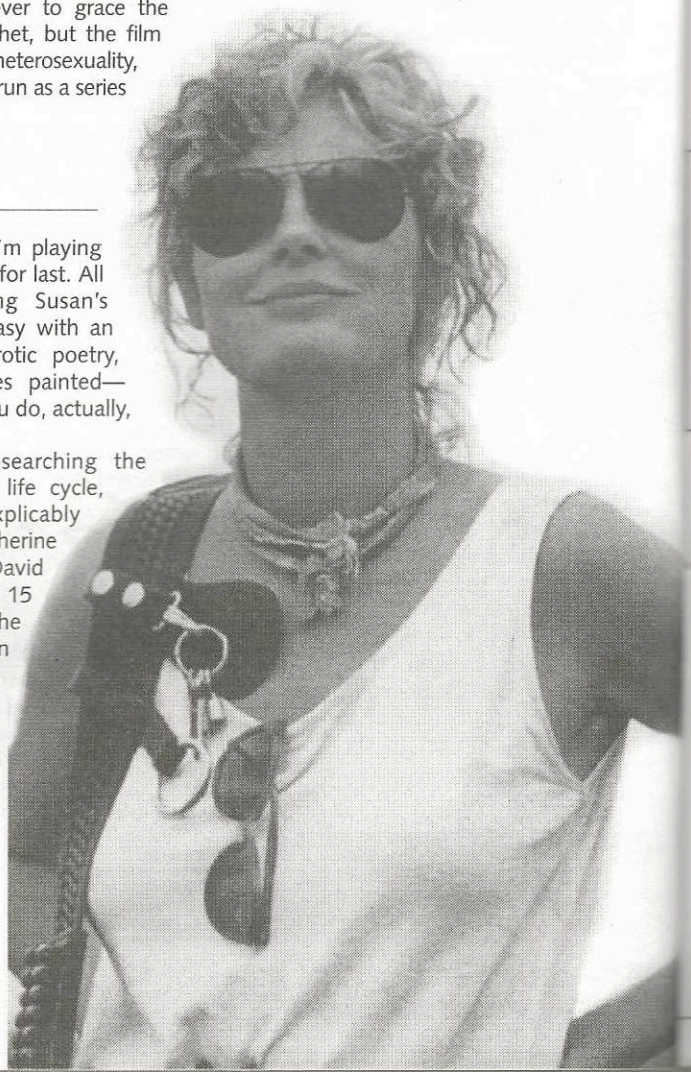
Deneuve: Not that I'm aware of, Sarah.

Poor Susan spills wine on her T-shirt, which appears to already be wet. One thing leads directly—and I mean directly—to another, and they have quite the sex scene!

But was it good for her? Lest you think that Susan didn't really mean it, check out her interview in the film *The Celluloid Closet.* She recounts the director's suggestion that she just get drunk, to which she replied something on the order of, What, are you kidding? Who'd need to get drunk to have sex with Catherine Deneuve? Maybe Susan has her own little fetish video she'd be willing to lend me.

Grade:

Cindy Patton was a founding editor of *Bad Attitude,* teaches lesbian and gay studies at Emory University and has been extensively involved in feminist and AIDS politics.



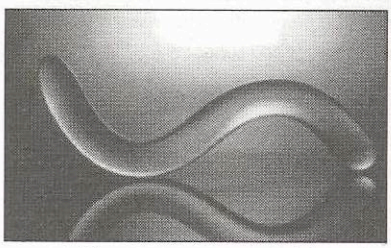
try it

Randy

(Vixen) $60

Some girls are bigger than others: I thought the lyric was gross when I first heard it, but since I discovered its truth, I've been searching for the dick that's more filling, with less taste—I mean, less dislocation of internal organs. That Randy exceeds my greatest expectations: it's thick as a beer can but quite short, which makes for a spiritual, I-feel-like-I'm-giving-birth kind of fuck that's as intense as fisting. In fact, after fucking it, my own fist slipped right in my cooch—finally, sexual self-sufficiency! **ad**

Grade:

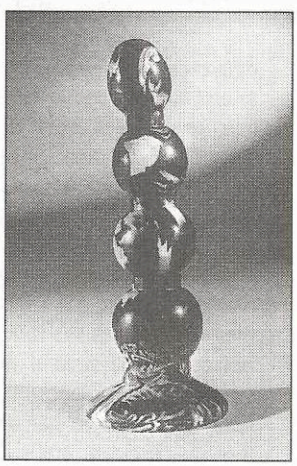


The Crystal Wand

(Nectar Products) $49

I've had my first truly feminist orgasm thanks to the lovely, non-phallic Crystal Wand. No pounding, no throbbing, no batteries (not that there's anything wrong with that), just a simple S-shaped acrylic wand that presses up against your urethral sponge. You can flip it upside down, too. In fact, you could use this little bugger for any number of things, and at the end of the day, when all your vanilla orgasms are said and done, you can store it in the accompanying velvet pouch or on its black display rack. Your girlfriend's mother will even think it's art deco. **ts**

Grade:

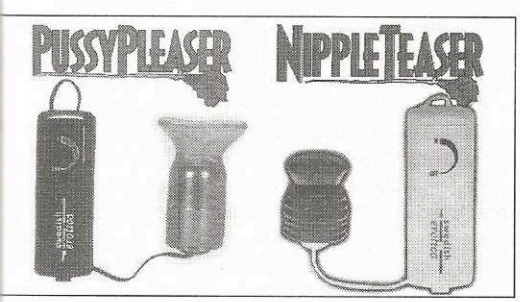


String of Pearls

(Vixen) $60

When it comes to penetration, I'm a conservative. Imagine my delight upon seeing the 6 1/2 inch String of Pearls. "Finally," I thought, "A sassy little toy for those of us who aren't size queens." Then I discovered my precious pearls are actually intended as an anal toy, which blew my short-lived comfort zone right out of the water. Oh, well. The smooth beads are custom-built for anal pleasure, or you can be *really* subversive and stick them in your good ol' vagina. **kh**

Grade:



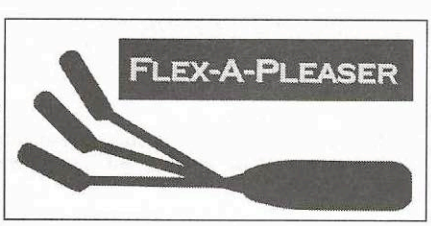
The Pussy Pleaser and Nipple Teaser

(California Exotic Novelties) $ 25 / $28

This pussy was not pleased; it was made very grouchy. Perhaps this three-inch long vibrator shaped like the mouth of a baleen whale fits girls with smaller barukas; I don't know. I swear the buzzing piece of rubber was up my cooch for 45 frigid minutes before I took pity on the relationship and let them go their separate ways. In its defense, after the accompanying Nipple Teaser proved defective, I stuck the Pussy Pleaser on my tit and got several consecutive woodies. **ad**

Grade:

Flex-A-Pleaser



(Golden Triangle) $25

When I first looked at the Flex-A-Pleaser, I had images of my partner yelling "fore" before heading into foreplay, as it strongly resembles a golf club. However, pussy and wife were both pleased with this variation on the basic vibrator, so much so that I couldn't bear to turn it off. Even though I didn't reach orgasm every time, it still felt good lodged in between my thighs. I took to carrying the thing with me in the car just in case I had a long commute home. **ba**

Grade:

Little Black Book

- Wash your hair instead.
- Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
- One-night stand material.
- Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
- Better than sex.

Review Staff

ba Brandi Alexander
ad Athena Douris
kh Kathleen Hildenbrand
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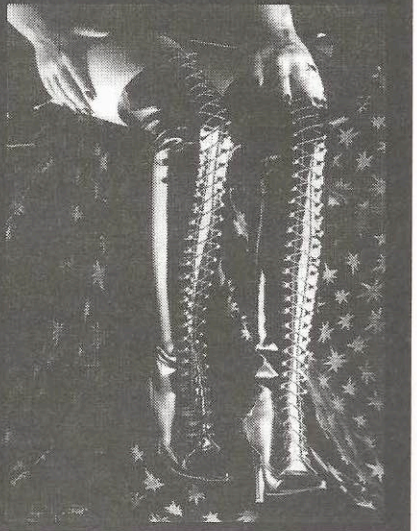

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THE DOCTOR IS NINA

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My girlfriend insists that she can only have orgasms when she's having anal sex. Is this a total lie or do I have an erotically gifted lover?

No, it doesn't have to be a total lie. I know a couple of women who come best that way, bless them! However, since orgasms are ultimately clitoral in origin, it is a bit surprising that she can't come any other way. If it's not otherwise a problem—if you like fucking her in the ass—don't worry about it!

TRIPLE X-TASY

I love to have sex while on Ecstasy. My girlfriend insists that it's the safest drug around, besides pot. Is she right, or are there long-term side effects to our night-long sexual bliss?

The long-term side effects of Ecstasy are still unknown because it hasn't been around very long. However, they probably aren't good. I'm of the personal opinion that the occasional use of recreational substances is okay. If you don't do it except on special occasions such as anniversaries or birthdays, it shouldn't pose a problem. If either of you can't have sex unless you're high, that is a problem you must address.

IT TAKES THREE

Two of my friends, a couple, do not know I have had sex with both of them. Sometimes this is uncomfortable, yet I find it horribly stimulating when the three of us are together. How do I go on?

Are you sure they don't know? Maybe they've shared that particular secret. If these trysts happened before they were a couple, what's to worry? If one or both encounters was an illicit affair, then the situation is more sticky. As a lover of multiple-partner sex, I find the idea of a threesome exciting, too! Feel them out as to how adventurous they are. You may be pleasantly surprised. If not, you'll have to either contain your excitement or break off the friendship.

TAKE IT OFF

My current lover has a problem with nudity. Sexually she is the most exciting lover I have ever had, but she feels that if she is completely naked it would destroy the sexual tension. But I want to feel flesh, not fabric. She refuses to get naked even half of the time. What should I do?

Ask yourself, if this aspect of your sex life never changes in your favor, could you still be happy with this woman? If she won't compromise, even for half the time, that's a serious problem. Mates make sacrifices and stretch themselves emotionally for their partners—if she just won't budge, she may be expressing hostility. Is this difference in preferences important enough for you to end the relationship over? You need to find the balance between your need for flesh-to-flesh contact and your need for what she offers you out of bed. Let me know what you decide!

RED LIGHT, GREEN LIGHT

My personal trainer has hinted that she wants to pursue a sexual relationship with me—sometimes she touches me sexually, and has asked me several times to call her. But when I do, she doesn't return my calls. I'm really attracted to her and want more, but I feel as though she's sending me mixed messages. What should I do?

She's clumsy because this is new territory for her. Often women who are closeted or bi-curious will come on to an out lesbian, viewing her as a source of information or guidance. Mixed messages often indicate fear or indecision. If you can't be her coming-out counselor (it is an effort to be someone's emotional crutch), you should find another trainer, and tell her why you did. If you like to be a newbie's first pussy, proceed with caution and still get a new trainer.

OFFICE SNEAK

If I were to have sex with someone at work would my girlfriend be able to tell by the time I got home?

She'd probably be able to "tell" by the change in your behavior. There are no physical signs that are "proof" that a woman's had sex (barring scratches, etc.). However, your guilty behavior would probably alert your girlfriend that something was going on. Your relationship doesn't sound as if it is ready for the stresses of opening up. If that is something you want, you need to start talking about it. Good luck!

CLEANLINESS IS GODLINESS

I like my lover to put her fingers, her cock, her whatever, up my butt. But I don't like the mess, and sometimes if I haven't relieved myself recently I don't feel comfortable doing it at all. What are my options?

For those special nights of love play, you can prepare yourself with an enema—pick a kit up at the drugstore. A weekly enema, provided you normally eat enough roughage to have healthy bowel movements, shouldn't be a problem. You can skip the enema if you keep penetration to objects that are shorter (such as butt plugs) rather than longer (dildos). You can also use gloves and condoms for the "mess."

SLIP AND SLIDE

I'm 25 years old and when I get even slightly aroused I have so much lubrication it soaks the entire seat of my boxers. This just started a few years ago. Why is this happening?

You're just reaching your sexual maturity, that's all. Women often get juicier as they get older. Enjoy it—and stock up on boxers. There's only a problem if the discharge is foul-smelling, or is accompanied by itching (and not that horny need-to-be-fucked itch!)

A-DICK-TED

I've been a lesbian all my life, but last month I met a man and slept with him. I'm still seeing him. Three problems: First, what am I doing with a guy? Second, he's married, so I feel like second-tier pussy. Third, I have incredible, multiple orgasms with him, sometimes 15 in one night. A dyke hooked on married dick? What could be more shameful? What is wrong with me?

It's not shameful—you're just discovering your latent bisexuality. Masculine sexual energy is not, as we have been told, only a negative, "death" energy. It can also be exhilarating, mind-blowing, and ecstatic. The part I have trouble with, though, is the married part. Unless he's a swinger, this guy probably does not have his wife's permission to get a little on the side. I know it feels "safe" emotionally. I know full well the burden it can be
to deal with intense emotional issues at the same time as sexual ones, but it's not fair to his wife. Get your guts together and do the right thing—find some single dick!

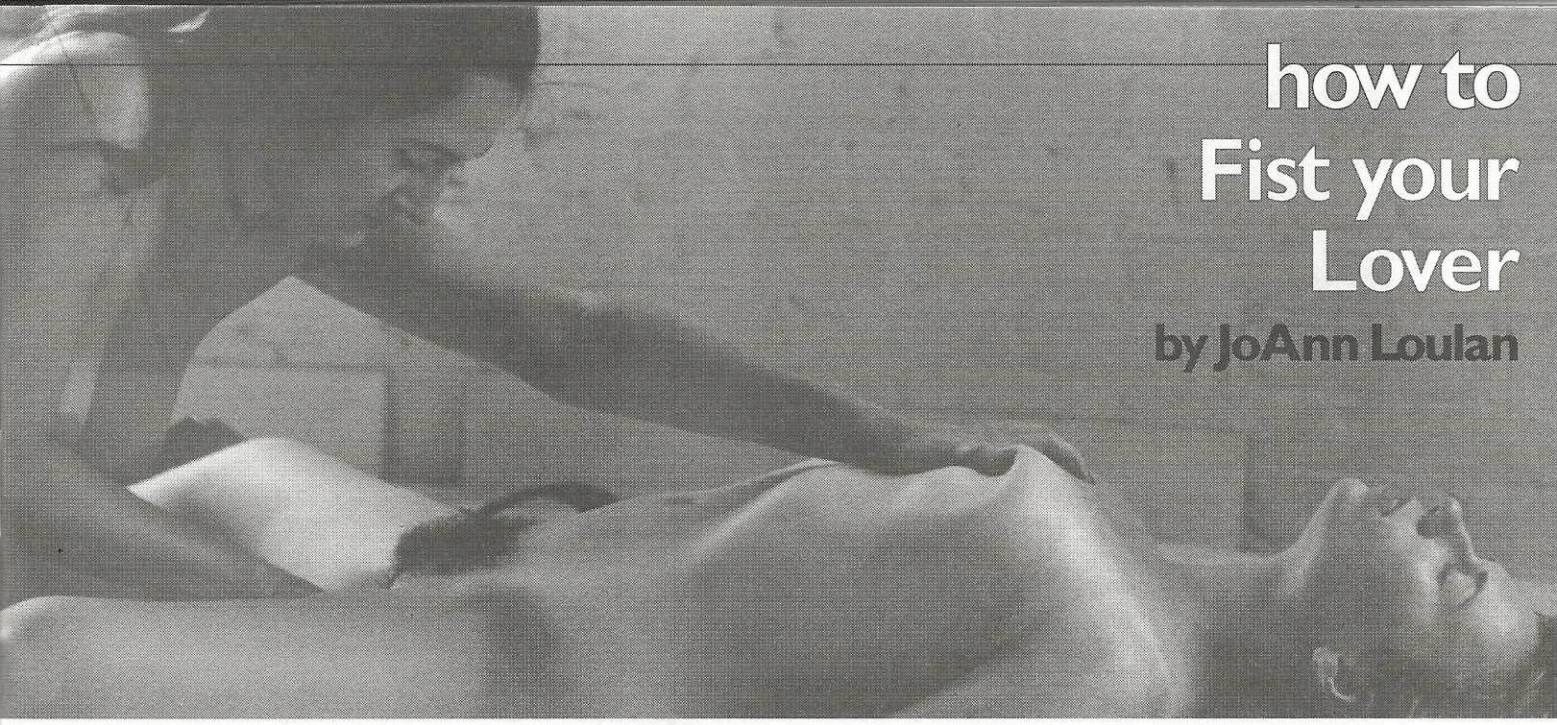
FOOD FETISH

My girlfriend and I often use food as sex toys. I'm not talking *9 1/2 Weeks*—I mean real sexual penetration with bananas and the like. The other day, though, she fucked me with a chocolate bar. Is this safe?

Yes, it's safe provided you get every trace of sugar out of your pussies when done. While I don't think women should douche, this is one time when it's appropriate. Use plain vinegar and water—perfumes and dyes can irritate delicate tissue. Keep coming!

Nina Hartley is a registered nurse and porn star. She'll fix you up: just fax or mail her all your sex-related troubles. Fax: 415-648-4705; mail: Dear Nina c/o **On Our Backs** Magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: staff@gfriends.com

PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM & EVE



how to Fist your Lover

by JoAnn Loulan

1 **Get your minds ready.** Everybody involved has to be willing and able just for starters. Fisting takes lots of juice, lots of opening, and lots of trust. So talk it over—okay?

2 **Get out your wallet.** Latex gloves for the fister will stop any viruses from passing from teeny tears in the fistee's vagina into invisible cuts and hangnails on that beautiful fist. You could skip the glove if you're not concerned about safe sex, but the hand slips in easier with a glove, anyway, so what the heck!

You'll also need to stock up on some lube. This is essential! Store-bought is best, but vegetable oil will do if it's all you have. The main part of the lube part of the deal: Keep it warm and use a LOT of it. I do mean a LOT.

3 **Take our brief Vagina 101.** In the sexual response cycle, there is a time when a girl's vagina is at its most flexible. This stage is referred to by different sex theorists as: plateau (Masters and Johnson); excitement (Kaplan); or excitement/engorgement (Loulan). The basic physical deal is that the vagina lubricates and the walls move apart from each other. The first third of the vagina narrows, while the back balloons out. How do you get to this magic state? Next step.

4 **Warm it up.** Feel her all over her body, get her juices moving from wherever it is juices hang out when they aren't flowing out our vaginas (ever wonder where are they right now?).

5 **Get her clitoris in on the act.** The clit is not just that nub between the lips—it has "legs" that go on either side of your girl's genitalia on the inside that contribute to the vagina's internal movement. You can stimulate her clit in many ways—touch her anus, talk dirty to her, tell her what you're about to do.

6 **Chill out.** Throughout the rest of the steps, use a sloooooww hand. Fisting is an art of gentle, forceful, determined movements that take cooperation. For the woman getting the hand job, make sure you're in charge. Don't think you need to make her happy. This is about making you happy (well okay, both of you, but it's your body that's taking in the hand after all!).

7 **Prepare the entryway!** Massage her perineum—that's the part at the bottom of her vagina that gets stretched to the max during childbirth. You have to get the physical thing happening without the help of hormones that move her vaginal walls apart during childbirth. Before moving on, her vagina should be wet, her perineum stretched, and you should have lube on your whole hand, wrist, and in her entryway—lots and lots.

8 **Put all five fingers in (one by one).** Fingers should be pressed together, and once they're all in, the thumb needs to be snug in your palm in an aerodynamic-looking "duck" shape. (After the fister gets her knuckles in, she'll need to slowly curl those fingers into the fist.)

The hardest part is moving through the first part of her opening—it can hurt—so go slower than you think you need to. For the woman taking the hand, relax as much as you can and be ready for more relaxing and more directing. Your muscles naturally clamp down, which makes it a little weird to be trying to get in there. The problem is, putting a fist in sooner is difficult because the upper part of the vagina isn't opened up properly.

For the fister: Push down on her perineum as you move in—when you meet resistance, keep your hand where it is if she can take it, and hold it there until her muscles relax.

9 **Slip past the ring of tightness.** Fister: Once you're past the tight place, you'll feel some sucking and find a slippery, gushy wonderful tube that is her vagina stretched around your fist and eventually your wrist. Wow, what a feeling! For the one with the magical fist inside you, what a rush, huh?

The fister needs to make sure her fingernails are pointed toward the palm of her hand (no scratching the walls of the vagina!). Be careful, because as elastic as tissue is, it can rupture. You'll both feel a suction. Don't worry, it's normal. You are pushing air into a tighter and tighter space. Keep putting more lube at the base of her vagina; it will work its way up as you keep adding it.

Wow, you both made it! You can enjoy now. The fistee might want to touch her clit. The fister may want to move her fist very, very gently. You both might want to have an orgasm, right now!

10 **Sliding back out—damn I hate that!** Slide out with the same respect and slowness you slid in with. Fistee, make sure you're monitoring the situation. Fister: Keep moving your hand out slowly and when you get to the tight muscle, go even slower. Fistee: if you feel sucking, just breathe with your own rhythm. Sometimes this sucking of the vagina can be a little scary. It will be okay—it's just trapped air. Fister: keep the lube coming. The fister can also try to break the suction by placing a finger between her vagina and your wrist.

Don't

Use a dirty fist. That includes any fist that has had any contact with the anus, or has fingernails that aren't properly shielded from the vagina. If you have long nails, stuff cotton balls in the fingertips of latex gloves.

Fist the unavailable. Don't do fisting on someone who is passed out, asleep, or doesn't want it. You can tear muscles and tissue if you are too rough.

Fist while inebriated. Don't fist if either of you are drunk or on drugs. Make sure everyone is sober enough to give and take direction.

Special cases:

Lucky Mama. Women whose vaginas are stretched from childbirth are a little looser down there, which makes fisting extra fun.

Less Estrogen=Go Slower. Women whose bodies contain less estrogen (from menopause, cancer, and other health conditions) may have thinner vaginal tissue. For this case, it's even more crucial that you both stay aware of what's happening so the fistee can slow her partner down if she starts to feel small pains that might be tiny tears in the tissue.

Photo by Michele Serchuk

Chelsea

Vital Stats

Age:
23

Location:
San Francisco, California

Profession:
Femme fatale

Not for the timid:
"People think because I'm petite that I'm having petite thoughts—that I want to kiss the girls I look at. Really, when I stare at a woman I'm thinking I want to take her home, tie her up, and fuck her."

Women she goes for:
Androgynous girls, high femmes, and butch bottoms. "If I'm around the right woman, I start acting really butch—I light her cigarette, open car doors for her."

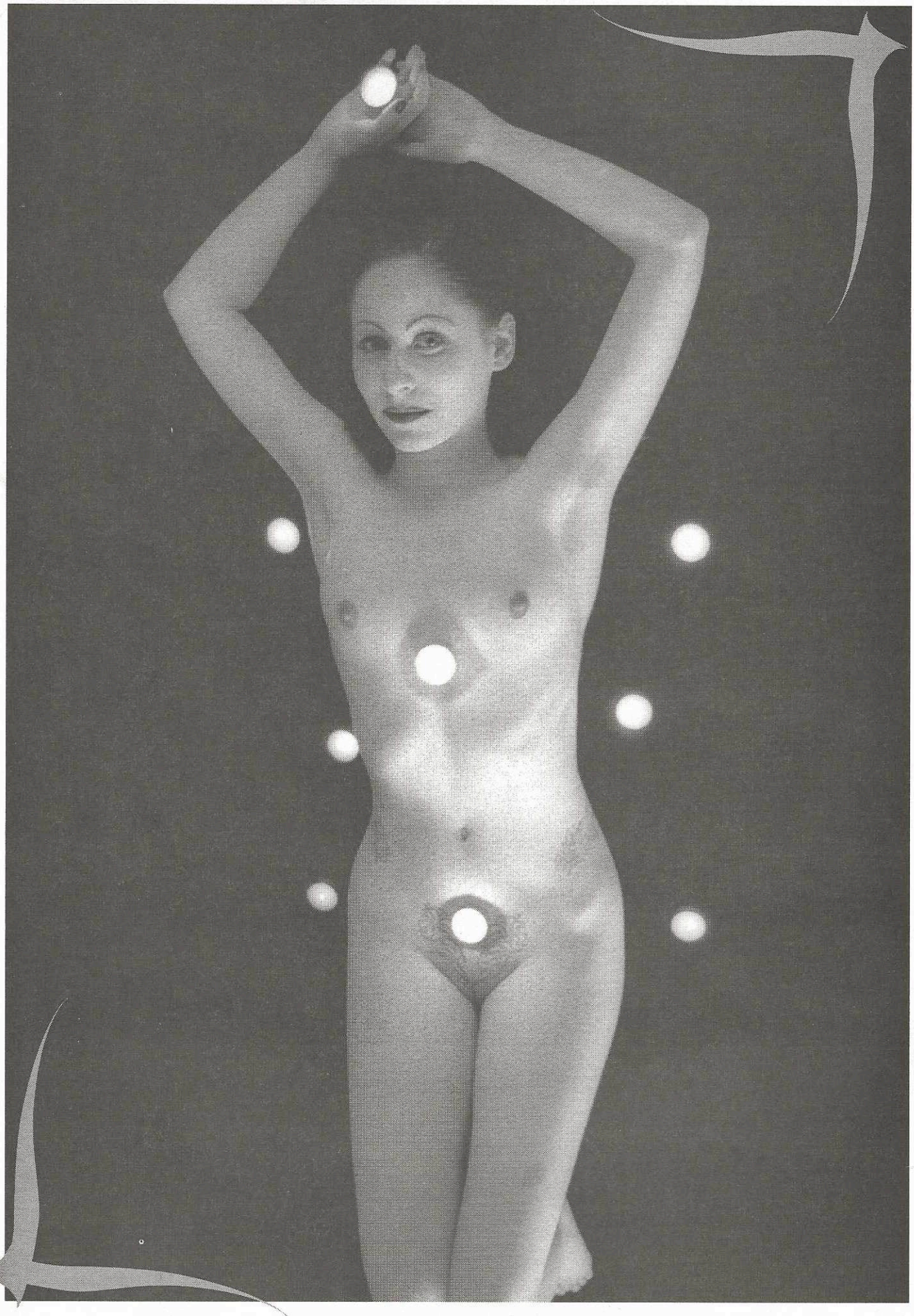
Status:
"You'll have to ask my cat—she's the boss of me."

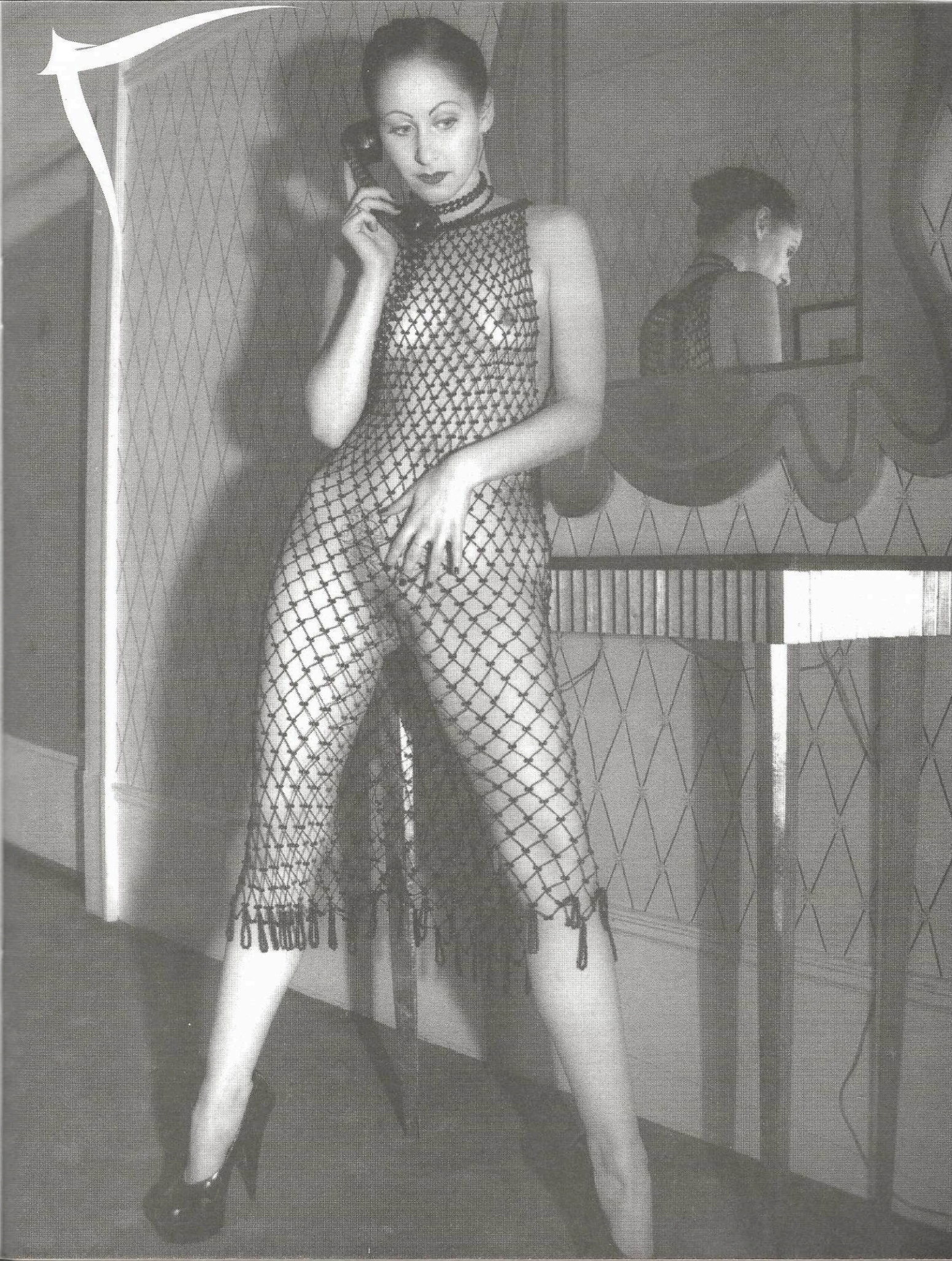
Why she's a femme top:
"I've always been impatient. I hate waiting around for women to kiss me—I just go up to women and ask them to go home with me."

What sex means to her:
"The closest thing I have to religion. I've always felt my own power during sex. Sex is more than two people getting off. For a lot of people, it's the closest we come to a spiritual plane."

Biggest fantasy:
"I go to a bar dressed in a sleek black dress with beautiful black lingerie underneath. I start eyeing a woman in a long black dress across the bar. We don't talk. I go up to her, grab the hair at the back of her neck, and pull. I leave and she follows me. We take a cab to a hotel, undress each other, and have wild, intense sex. Then I put on her dress and go home."
-AD

Photography by Heat Ray





Candye

Study the following interview carefully; someday you may have to defend your vote for Candye Kane for U.S. Congress. Last year, impressed by her sexual liberationist philosophy and her work for the prostitute rights group C.O.Y.O.T.E, an attorney in San Diego encouraged the one-time Hustler model to run in 1998 against arch-conservative Ron Packard. Kane was interested, but her instinct kept her bonded to her flourishing career as a blues singer. Kane—who proudly identifies as bi and fat—and her "volupto-geek-rock" band boast three albums, world tours, and a substantial following, including an enthusiastic lesbian and bi contingent. "A lot of my gay musician friends are stuck playing gay pride festivals and gay bars and they want to break out of that," says Kane, whose latest release is titled Diva La Grande. "I'm doing the opposite. I want to break into that."

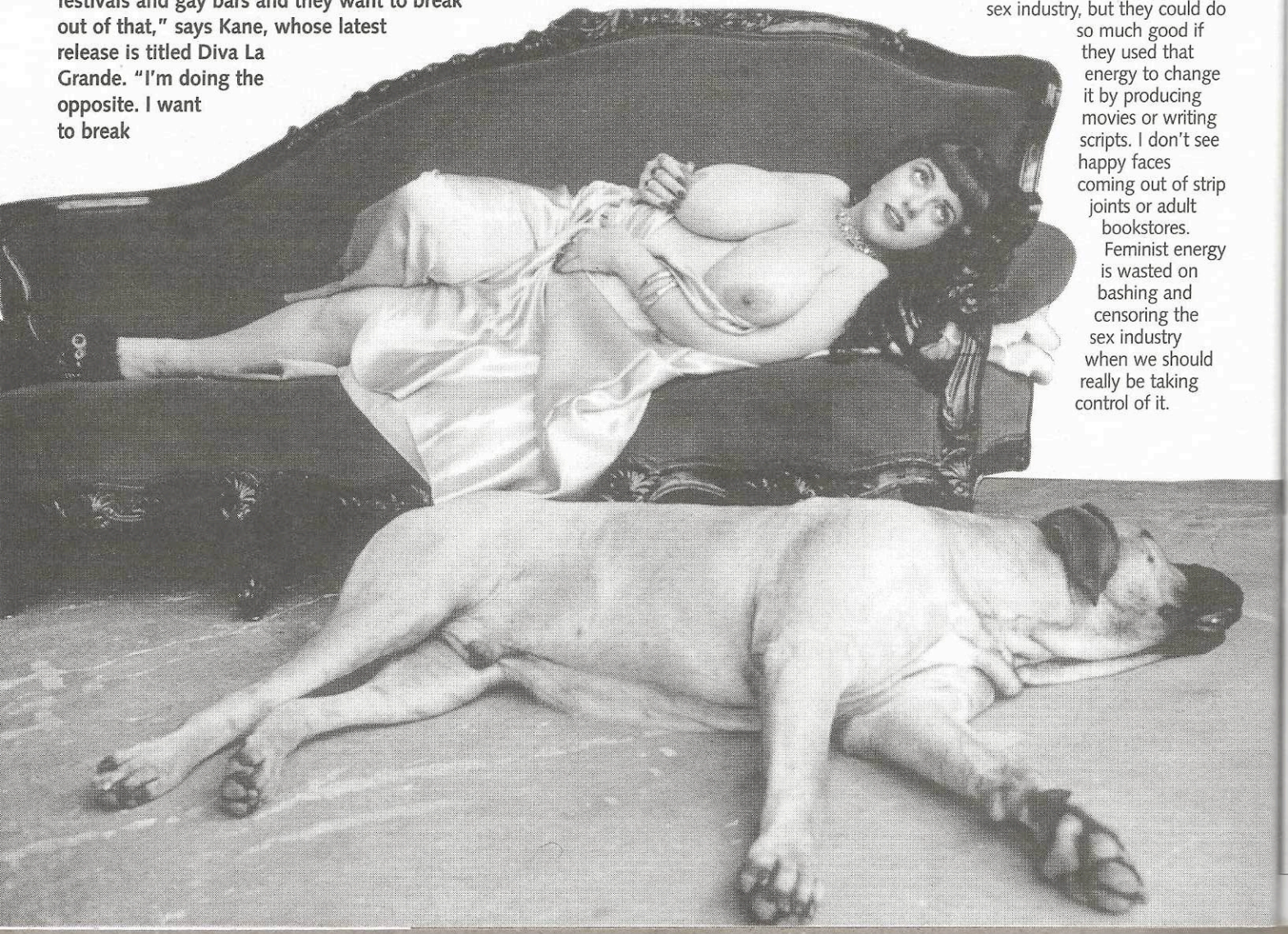
On Our Backs: In a nutshell, you had a baby at 16, went on welfare, began work as a phone sex operator, stripper, porno actress, and cover model for the likes of *Juggs* and *Hustler.*

Kane: It's so great you call it modeling and acting.

On Our Backs: Well, you know there are a number of ways in which lesbian history and the sex industry are intertwined.

Kane: Which is why I think lesbian erotica is changing the face of the sex industry. And it needs to happen more. I felt empowered, but that was because I was a fat girl on welfare who was making $2,500 a week as a stripper. I thought, "If I can get this much attention from my tits then imagine what I can get for my voice!"

Feminists like to throw rocks at the sex industry, but they could do so much good if they used that energy to change it by producing movies or writing scripts. I don't see happy faces coming out of strip joints or adult bookstores. Feminist energy is wasted on bashing and censoring the sex industry when we should really be taking control of it.



Kane

Interview by Diane Anderson-Minshall

On Our Backs: Your first brush with TV was *The Gong Show*—where does it fit into all of this?

Kane: I was still a little girl and thought I'd be a star. I lost to Chinese dog jugglers, but got a "nine" from Jaye P. Morgan because I had such large breasts. My mom wasn't thrilled about all of it. She had to drive me 50 miles to the auditions. And then I realized at every talent show there was a beautiful blonde soprano who sang like Julie Andrews.

On Our Backs: I remember that as well. The pinnacle of my early acting career was when I auditioned for the part of Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz* and lost to a pretty, blue-eyed, blonde soprano. I got to play the wicked witch.

Kane: And you didn't get to sing, right? I felt that discrimination really early. I was already chubby, dark haired, wore glasses. I just wonder how many girls like me get defeated.

Then when I was a stripper, I became part of this underground music scene in L.A., back when Dwight Yoakam, the Go-Gos, Black Flag, and the Brat—remember them?—would all be on the same bill. It was a wonderfully supportive music scene. Nobody cared if I was a stripper. I used my stripping money to subsidize the band, because being in a band didn't pay anything. Then one day I just thought to myself, "Okay, you're not happy as a stripper," and so I quit.

I was really naive, though. I remember when I was on the cover of *Juggs*, I went into a liquor store and the owner was so excited. He said, "You have a tab here now, you only have to pay once a month." And I thought, "Wow, I've arrived."

On Our Backs: How did your family react?

Kane: I think working in the adult entertainment industry is a lot like being gay, in that a supportive family makes a world of difference. Having any kind of secret life is bound to get to you, and I think a lot of women doing sex work are hiding it from their families. My parents didn't like what I was doing, but at the same time they saw me doing things they had never done like fly on airplanes, get off welfare, and make a lot of money. They still baby-sat when I had to fly to Hawaii to strip.

On Our Backs: You told *L.A. Magazine* that there were some things you regret. What were you referring to?

Kane: I wish I hadn't done [porn] videos. I've never seen them because if I saw myself with some hairy, gross guy, it would make me really inhibited.
But I had a good time. I had orgasms. I realized I was bisexual. I mean, my first sexual experience was with a girl and I had crushes on women teachers. Oh god, and my track coach—I had it bad for her. But I didn't realize it until I did the videos. Now I know I'm bisexual. And I'm not a fence-sitter like some lesbians might think. I'm not a closet lesbian. I'm bisexual. I'm attracted to men and women, although I have to admit the older I get the more attracted I am to women.

On Our Backs: Most of the critics who write about you talk about your size—200 pounds—but they all dance around the word fat, which you actually prefer, don't you?

Kane: It's funny, one critic said that the sleaziness of the adult entertainment industry could never prepare me for the hypocrisy of the music business. In a way, the sex industry is evolved about size and age. There are magazines with fat women and women over 40 and such. I don't like that they make it a fetish, though, because it's really just a preference.

[But] when I meet with industry insiders I always ask, "Why am I still struggling?" And they always say, "You're big, you're soap-boxy, you have gimmicks, you're flamboyant." But "You're big" is always the first thing out of their mouths.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVEN STRICKLER

MIGHTY REAL

Tirza and Oriana

Tirza and Oriana were best friends for months before they became lovers. Although they had broached the subject of their shared affections, they didn't kiss until last November during their joint twentieth birthday party (they were born one day apart). "Oriana wrote me a poem that said she didn't want to destroy our friendship," says Tirza. "And she said that she hoped we could celebrate our thirtieth, fortieth, and fiftieth birthdays together. She doesn't think she was trying to pull a mack, but I knew."

"We were trying to talk on my front porch," continues Oriana, "but everyone kept interrupting us. So we walked out into the rainstorm." The bosom buddies decided to give each other a friendly kiss as a birthday present. "That was it," says Oriana. "We couldn't deny what was between us anymore, and we couldn't stop kissing." **ad**

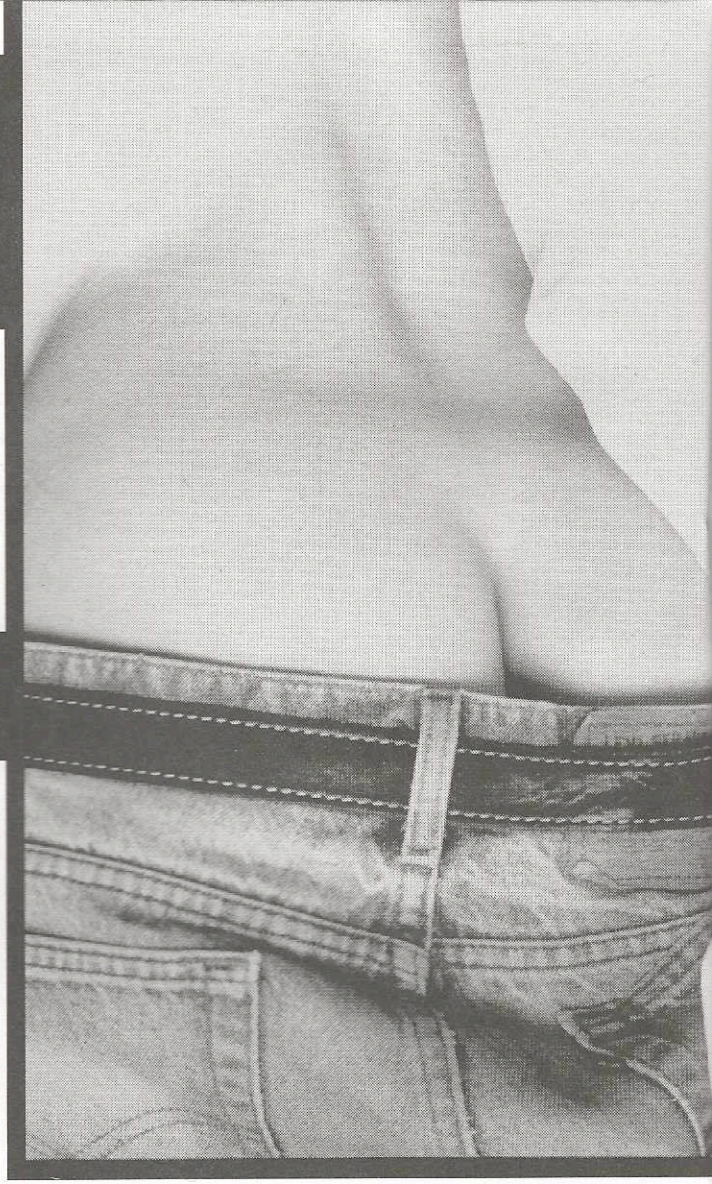
Photography by Peter daSilva

OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

ALL ANAL, ALL THE TIME

A SPECIAL PROBE BY TRISTAN TAORMINO



"Open your back door / I just need to touch you once more..."—Melissa Etheridge, "I Wanna Come Over"

Okay, so maybe Melissa isn't singing about anal pleasure—I'd be the first one to read into it—but you thought about it, right? And you're probably not the only one. As we approach the next millennium, the visibility and popularity of anal sex—both in the cultural imagination and between the sheets—is on a rather spectacular rise.

According to sexologists, anal sex may actually have been a standard on the American sexual menu for a while. In 1990, for example, the Kinsey Institute's New Report on Sex found that between 30 and 40 percent of American women had experienced anal intercourse. By 1997, Random House's "Sex on Campus Survey" reported that 30 percent of straight women had gone anal all the way; 42 percent of all women respondents said they'd at least had a finger up their butts. Interestingly enough, gay and bisexual co-eds reported a higher rate—45 percent—of anal intercourse.

In the world of adult video, of course, rear entry videos rule the box office; they dominate the lists of bestselling and most-rented videos each month. According to Mark Logan, managing editor of *Adult Video News,* the adult industry's leading trade magazine, "Certain trends come and go, but since the late 1980s, no subject has been as popular in the market as anal sex. Even tapes that aren't anal-themed or with anal in the title have at least one scene. Even soft-core movies aimed at couples usually have at least one anal scene."

Lest you think this is all for the male viewer, be reminded that women comprise roughly 40 percent of adult video rentals; Logan insists, moreover, that attitudes within the porn industry about anal sex are changing. If actresses demanded extra for anal scenes in the past, today porn stars such as Chloe, the leading lady of films like *Buttslammers 16, Fixation,* and *Dangerous,* are much more "out" about anal pleasure and desire. "Chloe is porn's modern anal queen," says Logan. "She genuinely enjoys it, and that's why she does it...That would be unheard of in a porn star ten years ago. I presently know of at least ten women in the industry who prefer anal sex over vaginal sex."

From the perspective of sex toy store owners and manufacturers, the current popularity of anal pleasure can be demonstrated by big crowds in the anal aisles. They report a healthy increase in the sales of anal sex toys as well as requests from customers for advice about anal eroticism. "My anal sex workshop is one of the most popular of all the sexuality workshops we offer at the store," says Kim Airs, proprietrix of the Grand Opening! Sexuality Boutique in Brookline, Massachusetts. "People are asking a lot more questions about anal pleasure these days." Cathy Winks and Anne Semans, collective members of San Francisco's Good Vibrations and authors of *Good Vibrations' Guide to Sex,* agree. "We sell ever-increasing numbers of butt plugs and anal vibrators. And a finger-slim vinyl butt plug is the number-one best-selling product of the nation's largest adult novelty manufacturer."

Likewise, references to back-door loving in literature and film are changing. In the past, anal sex was either a brief but spicy side dish to a more normative main course, or—remember *Deliverance*?—a horrific, demeaning rape scene. Recently, in books specifically labeled erotica and "legitimate" literature—take *Eat Me* by Linda Javin, for example—references to anal sex have become less dirty, perverted, and violent and a lot more frequent, detailed, and inspired.

Even the anal "how-to" industry is blooming. Two full-length books now address the issue of anal eroticism: the first book ever written on the subject, *Anal Pleasure and Health* by Jack Morin, Ph.D. has sold over 60,000 copies and was just released in its third, revised edition. Morin did not have an easy time of it, though. Many publishers and distributors refused to deal with *Anal Pleasure and Health;* one retailer, clearly unable to comprehend the subject, sent Morin an invoice for *Ain't No Pleasure in Health.* When I decided to write a book on anal sex, the *Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women,* my publishers faced similar problems. Cleis's Felice Newman reveals: "Everyone in the book industry was up in arms when we announced this title. Marketing experts told us that booksellers would be too threatened to carry it. Booksellers told us their customers would be embarrassed to walk up to the counter with a

book on anal sex."

Apparently the book industry hadn't read the latest Kinsey report; *The Ultimate Guide* sold out of its first printing in three months. As Susie "Sexpert" Bright put it in *Salon* magazine: "Despite fellatio's recent high profile at the White House, when one travels to the bedrooms of today's young citizens, it is, as they say on so many pornographic box covers, 'all anal, all the time.'"

Doin' the butt: a historical perspective

Morin's and Newman's experience with marketing their books is an example of the enormous taboo against anal sexuality. As I grew up, I heard demeaning "fag jokes" about men who "do each other in the butt." If we do hear about people other than gay men having anal sex, they are labeled as "kinky" or "perverted," and the sex is clearly considered abnormal. Even today, if anal sex comes up in *Playboy's* or *Detail's* advice columns, it is portrayed as a fantasy of straight men whose partners are always women who endure pain in order to please.

Traditionally, erotic representations of anal boffing have also been dicey. "Five or ten years ago anal, sex was a much more hidden, taboo subject," recalls Nan Kinney of Fatale Video, the oldest lesbian-made porno compay in the country. "In fact, producers were under the impression it was dangerous to actually show anal penetration on video—your tapes could be deemed obscene and you could be arrested on obscenity charges. The Meese commission was in full force, and producers were careful." Even today, representations of anal sex can be targeted under sodomy and obscenity laws (see sidebar).

AIDS has had a significant, yet paradoxical, impact on the increase in public dialogue, information, and education about anal sex. In the early days of the epidemic, according to the majority of safer sex guidelines, anal sex was reviled as the highest risk behavior, *the* way to get AIDS. Yet, although it was demonized as filthy and dangerous, buttfucking was also talked about publicly in a way it never had been before. Morin remembers: "For the first time in history, the words 'anal intercourse' were regularly heard on the evening news and seen in daily newspapers. True, it was never spoken of enthusiastically, but at least it was spoken of."

Today, it seems, people can't *stop* talking about it. "I think we are [in a moment in history] with anal sex about where this culture was with oral sex for women in the early eighties," says Joani Blank, founder of Good Vibrations and publisher emerita of Down There Press. Indeed, the ways in which we are beginning a dialogue about anal eroticism mirror the ways in which women were "discovering" their clitorises in the late 1970s: in the same way we fought the "myth" of the vaginal orgasm, we are now raising consciousness about our assholes. In the same way we used mirrors and speculums to introduce ourselves to our cunts, we are now getting in touch with our sphincters. Academics are reclaiming our butts as "sites of pleasure and resistance"; authors and educators are creating grassroots self-education movements. Finally, 30 years after the sexual revolution, we are in the process of liberating our butts.

Anal inquisitive

If we as a culture are able to go beyond the taboo against anal sexuality, we may discover a new political organization of sex. The butthole can be the great equalizer—everyone has one. In a way, it is the most "democratic" of our orifices. Unlike a penis in the female imagination, or a

continued on page 44

BUSTING YOUR BUTT

Anal love may be all the rage. But will it hold up in court?

Sodomy laws criminalize oral and anal sex between consenting adults. Although most laws apply to both heterosexual and homosexual people, some sodomy laws specifically prohibit same-sex conduct only. The queer rights movement was dealt a serious blow with *Bowers v. Hardwick,* a United States Supreme Court decision in 1996, wherein the Court found that Hardwick's constitutional right to privacy didn't cover his sodomitical behavior behind his own bedroom door.

In most cases, sodomy laws are used to target lesbians and gay men and deny them other rights. According to Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund lawyer Suzanne Goldberg, "sodomy laws are most often used to prosecute people in cases involving public sex or an allegation of force." With the exception of *Bowers,* "they are not actively enforced against consenting adults in private." Because gay men engage in public sex much more frequently than women, they are more often the targets of these laws; to date, there has been no sodomy case involving lesbians having oral or anal sex. Goldberg warns, however, that "the only cases in which sodomy laws are used against lesbians are custody cases, when these laws are cited to discriminate against lesbians and deny them parental rights." For example, the Virginia Supreme Court justified its decision to take custody of her son away from lesbian Sharon Bottoms in part because Virginia has a sodomy law on the books.

Leftovers from sixteenth- and seventeenth-century statutes, sodomy laws used to be in effect in all 50 states. Today, 30 states have struck down sodomy laws through either the courts or the state legislatures. But 16 states have existing sodomy laws against both same-sex and opposite-sex partners, and 6 states have sodomy law prohibiting same-sex acts only. Penalties range from $500 fines to (in the case of Idaho) life imprisonment. Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, the ACLU, and others are currently challenging sodomy laws in Arkansas, Georgia, and Maryland; the Rhode Island State Legislature recently voted to repeal its state sodomy law. The bill is currently awaiting signature by the governor, and legal experts believe he is not planning to block it. —*T.T.*

fist

elaine miller

I fucking love a woman who knows what she wants.

She was so wet that my two fingers slid inside her, smooth, like they belonged.

Her eyes were closed, a half-smile was on her lips. The hot, slick, sweet fucking pull of her lit a fire in my belly. I remembered her fingers measuring my wrist earlier and smiled.

I rolled her over fast, pivoting her neatly despite the rope at her wrists, and gave her six fast, sharp smacks on her quivering butt. She yelped with the first few and began kicking, so I held her legs for the last two, then rolled her over to face me again. Her round butt was way too tempting, and if I didn't get it out of sight I might spank her all night.

She waited, breathlessly watching, impatiently squirming, as I placed the bottle of lube in a hot water bowl, put a few extra gloves by the bed, and stripped. The tank top came off easily, boots with a bit of effort, then jeans and socks joined the pile on the floor.

I snapped on a glove. When I glanced her way, eyebrow cocked, she flushed a little. Her eyes round and innocent, she bit her lip, pulled her knees up, and slowly parted them. I hurried.

Climbing back on the bed, I touched her hands and arms, checking for temperature difference, ready to shift ropes if need be. As I felt one hand, then the other, she returned the squeeze. Her slim fingers went around my wrist again, unmistakably gauging the thickness of my wrists and the size of my hands.

She was greedy and opened to me quickly, flowering around me as I fucked her deeper and deeper, doing the holding back for both of us. I took my time, making sure she was relaxed, going to three fingers, then four, tucking in my thumb, and adding more lube. She was slick and hot and her core was calling to me—then she relaxed suddenly, pulled her knees up a bit more, and went still. She held her breath as I pushed past the last bit of tightness and curled inside her, grasped by her wet cunt.

No matter how many times I fist a woman, one thing never changes: the sense of awe I feel as the thickest part of my hand slips past the tension and disappears inside, slick and with a rush. My hand curls into a fist like a sleeping cat. My mind is entirely wrapped in my fist at times like these: wrapped in my fist and all the way inside her cunt, hot and slick and wet and pulsing. I can fuck forever like this, the familiar burn in my shoulder muscles ignored, almost unnoticed.

I pushed the heel of my left hand against her clit, putting on a bit of pressure—just a little. Her sweet cunt convulsed around my fist again. She sucked in her breath and moved her hips against that hand now, grinding her clit against me, spiraling up toward coming.

"Stop."

She blinked at me, hips still moving, faltering only a little. "Don't move. Not even an inch."

I relaxed the pressure on her clit and stopped the motion of my other hand.

"You're doing just fine. You are so fucking hot, such a pretty, nasty thing, impaled on my fist." Her breath hissed out, releasing tension with it. "I love it when you want more. Play the game with me."

She relaxed against the bed, opening her legs farther, and concentrated on feeling my hands.

I fucked her hard, suddenly, my fist pushing her limits, stretching her with each thrust. Mouth open, she stared at the ceiling for a second, making no sound, then gave a muffled shriek with each inward push, louder as I got faster, until she was continuously wailing, stopping only for gasps of air. I caught her at the edge of hyperventilating, eased in and out of her more and more slowly, brought her down, and pulled my hand out of her, just part way.

Gasping, she stared at me with disbelief. I poured a thick stream of warm lube into the convenient channel provided by my curled palm, then around my wrist. I smiled at her, feeling tender, drinking in the sight of her flushed face, lips parted, eyes half-lidded.

"Remember, don't move. Ready?" She started to nod, stopped, and arched her neck as I went in again, unbearably easily this time, feeling no resistance as it seemed she pulled me right to the bottom of her cunt. I replaced my left hand over her clit and pressed as I started fucking her again.

"Now I want you to be quiet."

She cast me an incredulous look, more than blunted by her fuzzy expression, but she went silent, only the hiss of her breath, the flaring of her nostrils, and the expression on her face showing what she felt. I pulled her legs up over my shoulders, leaned over her, and fucked her hard again. As I was sliding through her in an erotic haze, she whispered something.

"Please let me scream," she said softly, and I saw stars.

I felt a snarl involuntarily lift my lip as I let myself go, sliding all the way in with each stroke, watching her yank mindlessly at the rope around her wrists, wrapping her strong thighs around me as I fucked her into a place where she couldn't remember my name or hers. She chanted, "Fuck fuck fuck fuck," each time before she screamed.

> **"Please let me scream," she said softly**

I could feel the moment when it was arriving, and I placed my wet thumb on her clit, my left hand pressing into her belly, feeling my fist inside her as it pistoned back and forth. Within seconds she sucked in her breath, long and deep, and just fucking exploded, wrapped around my fist so tight I could feel my wrist creak. She was arching off the bed, stabbing herself on my arm, working her clit against my thumb, shuddering over and over, her cunt pulsing now, beating like a great, slow heart inside her.

Excerpted from "Fist" by Elaine Miller, *Best Lesbian Erotica 1998,* ed. Tristan Taormino, Copyright 1998 by Elaine Miller. Reprinted with permission. Available from Cleis Press.

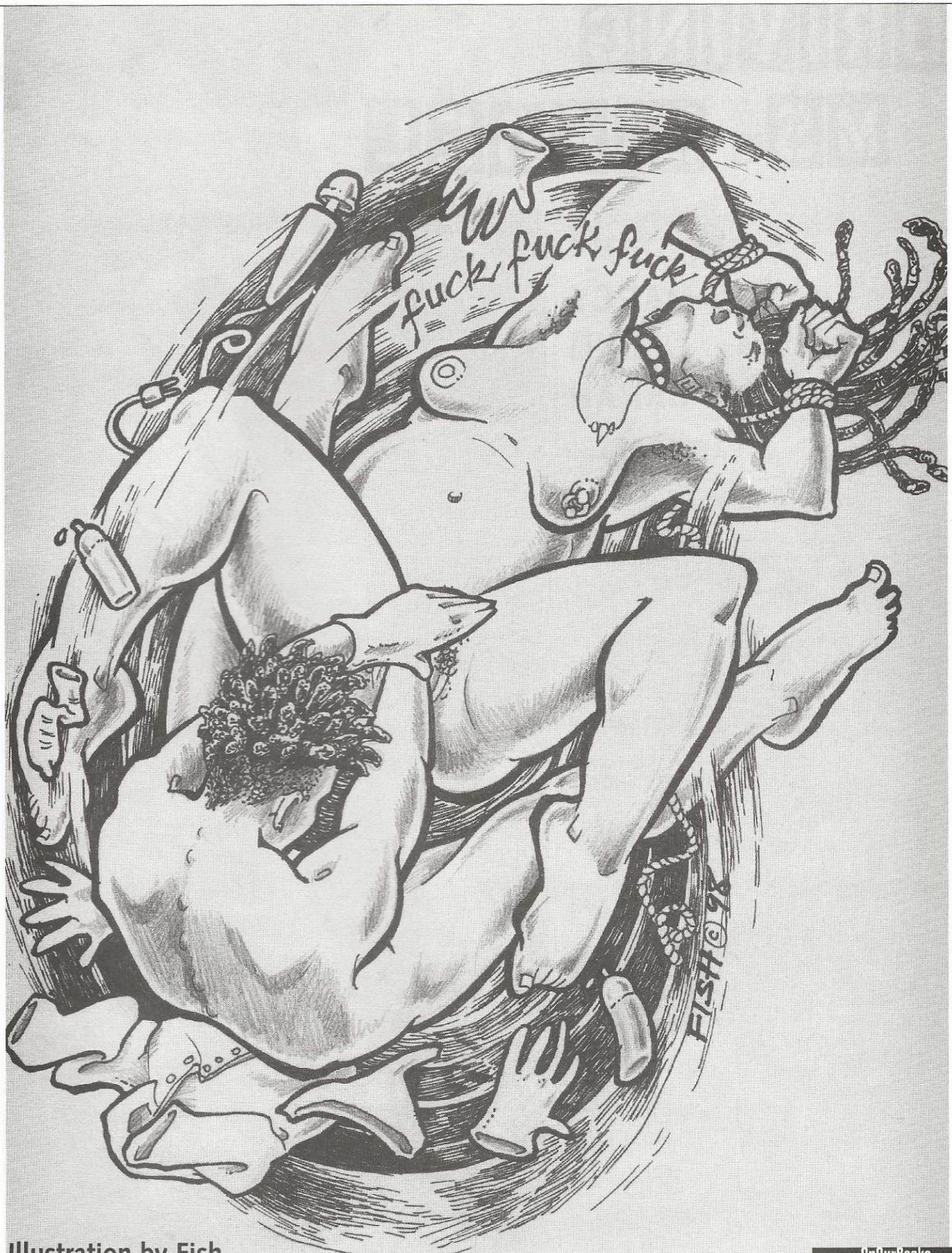
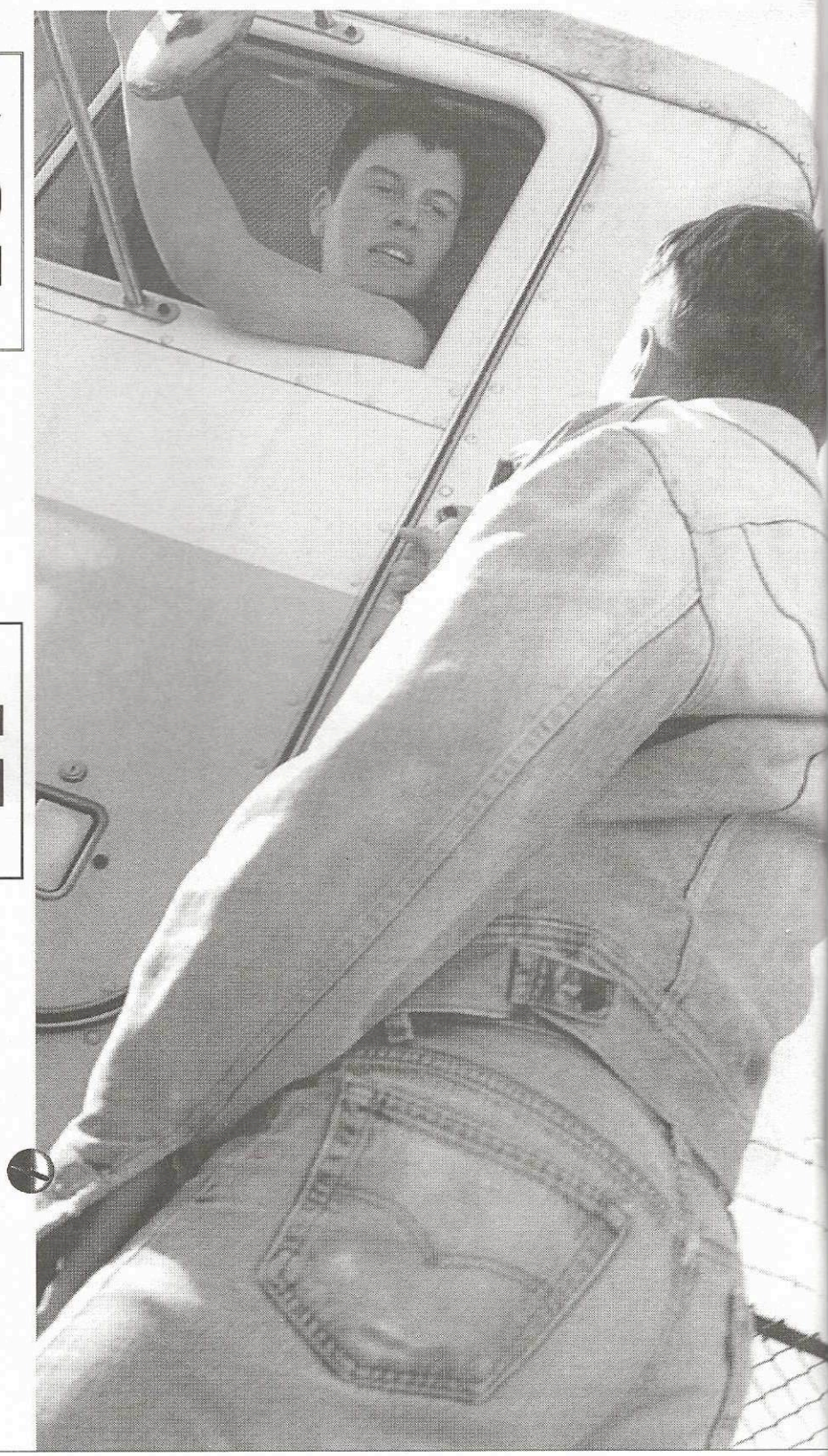


Illustration by Fish

DRIVING MS. DIESEL

MARCY AND SARAH

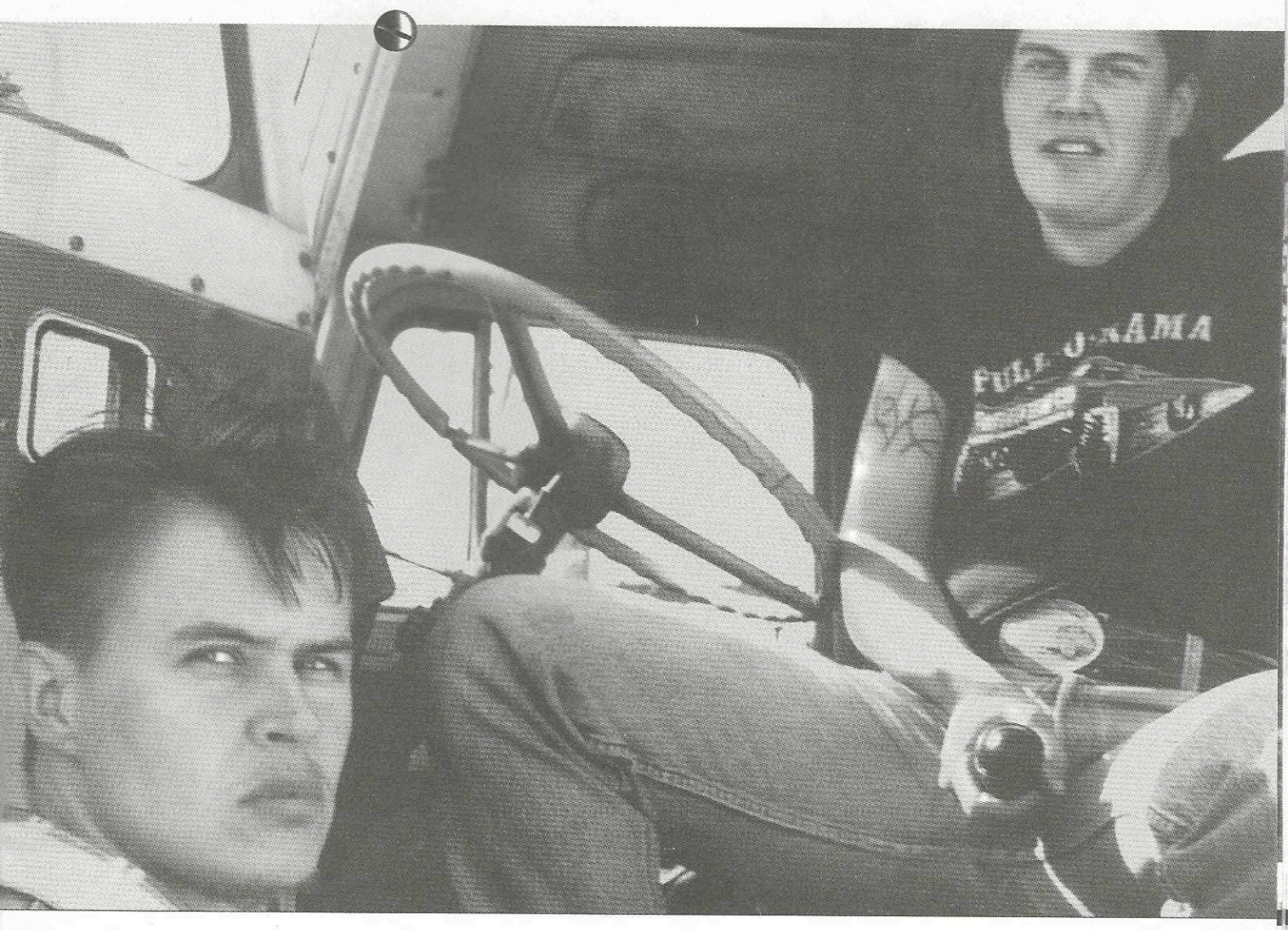
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICKY LEE

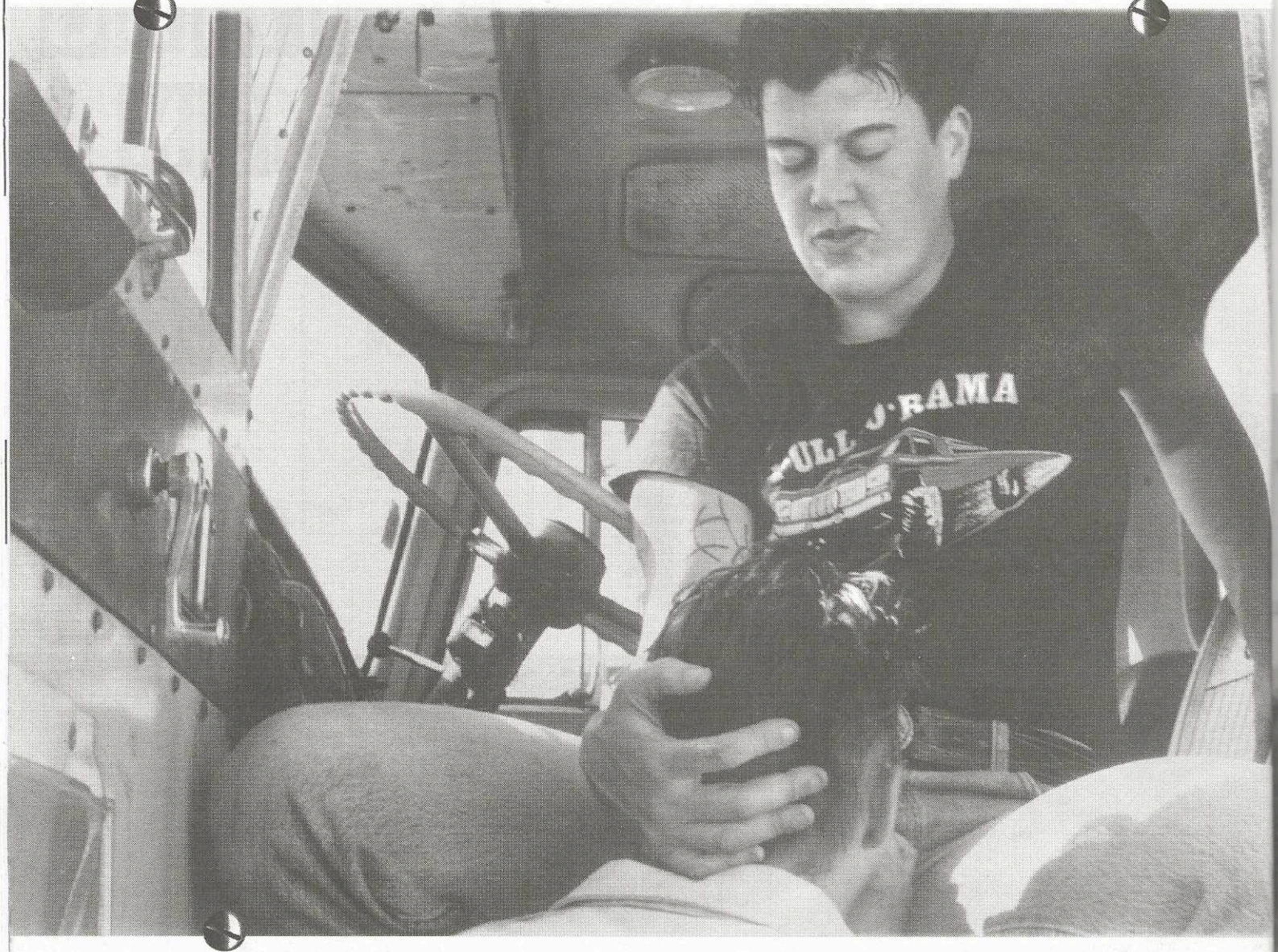


Marcy pulled in the truck,
backed it in tight.

"That's right, there."

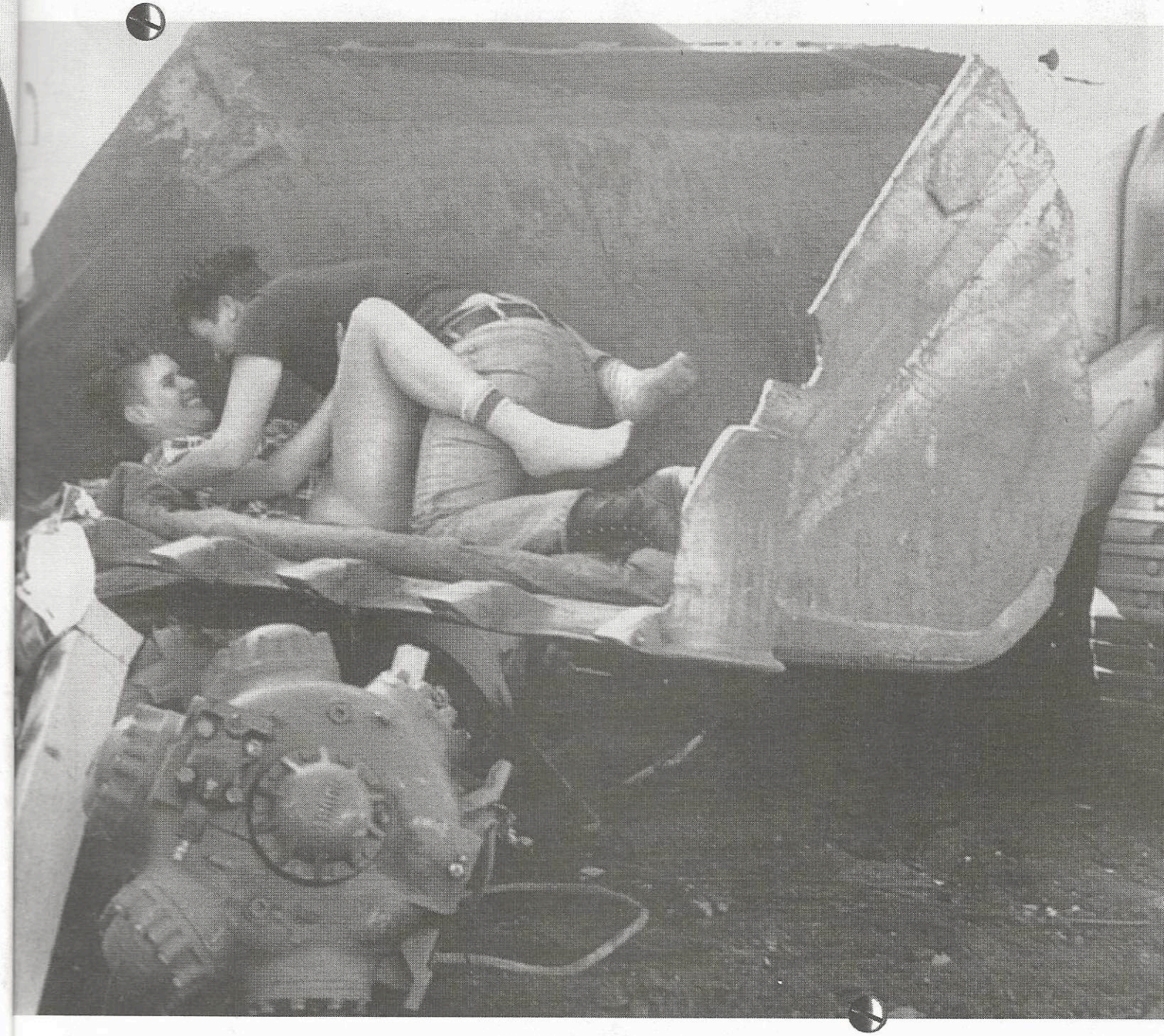
Some butch dyke was
giving her orders. Marcy
had a thing for butches.





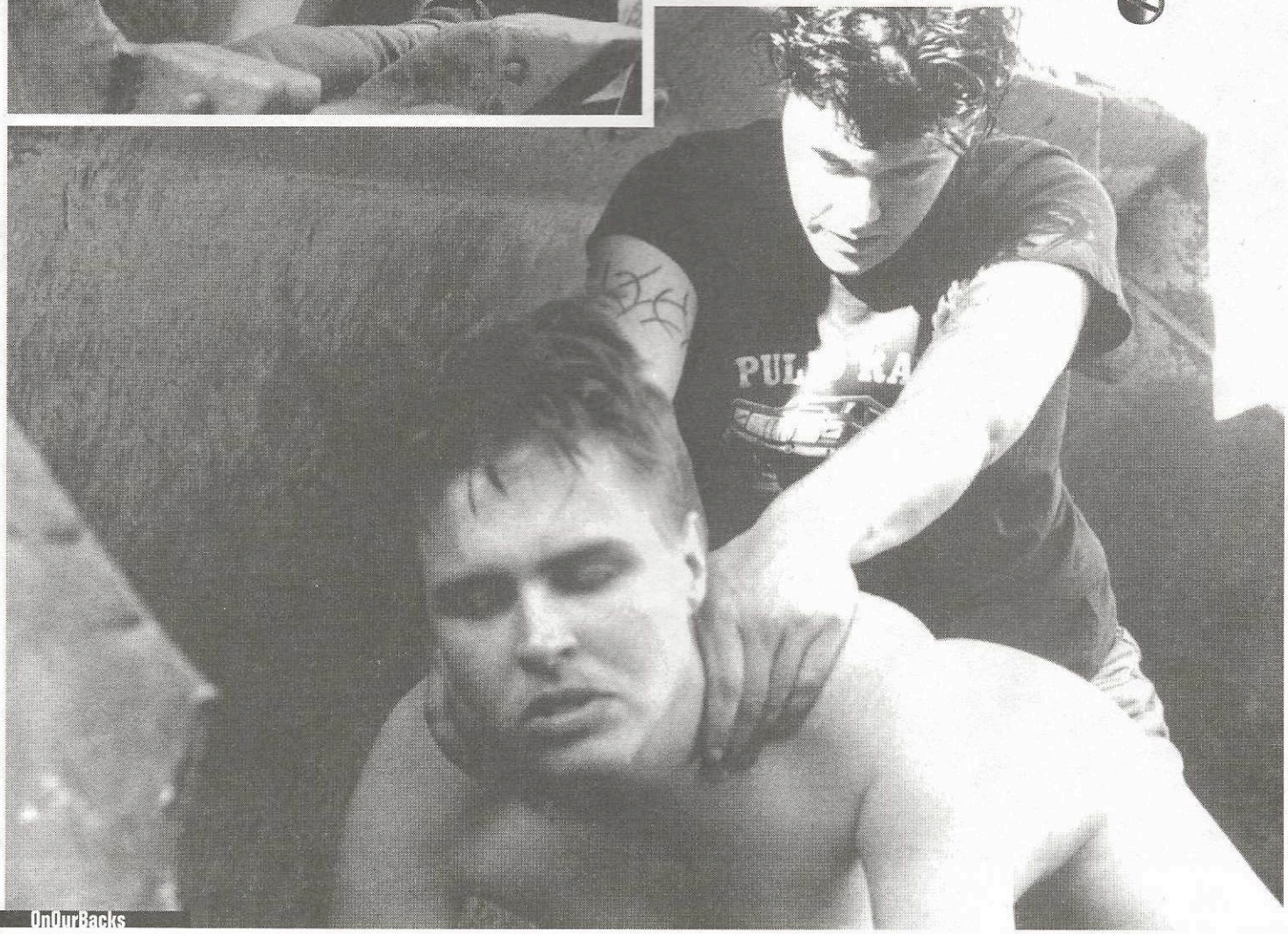
She guessed the feeling was mutual when the dyke—Sarah—offered to suck her dick.

How could she turn down such a good-looking woman?

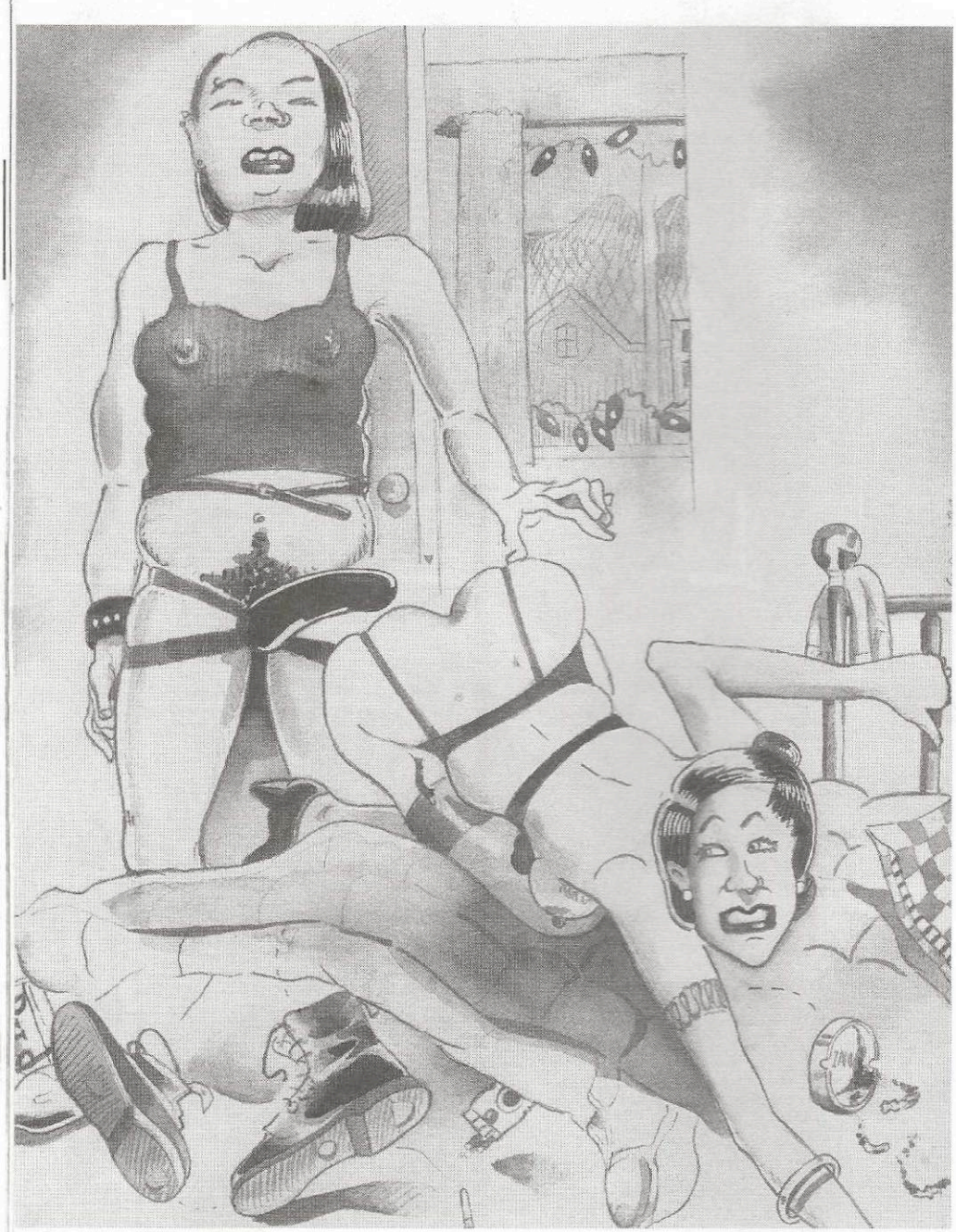


Marcy wasn't surprised when Sarah unbuttoned her flannel shirt, pushed her jeans down, pulled Marcy into the bucket of a tractor, and said "Fuck me."

Hell, that's just what she had in mind when she pulled in.



Still Life with Dildo



k. munro

"Have you ever been fucked?" she asks me.

I met her—we met, she appeared across the room and then at my side later on—in a bar. I saw her, talking and laughing with her friends as I was talking and laughing with mine, except her friends were all in black leather mob caps and chaps, and mine had blazers with patched-leather elbows and corduroy pants. It's one thing I love about the city—you get a mix. The bar we were in gets everyone from tenure-track professors from the university to blue-collar workers and bondage dykes. We were both on home turf, so to speak.

I saw her, didn't recognize her, and thought nothing of her. It was a busy night; there was a lot going on. A friend of mine was trying to make a pass at a crewcut college girl. One of the regular drunks was making her rounds, trying to see whose shoulder she could lean on without being brushed off. I had half an eye on someone I'd seen around before—someone I'd made a few inquiries about, someone who knew I'd made inquiries, and who was not looking in my direction consistently enough to tell me that she might be interested. Mob caps and chaps weren't my thing. I paid no attention.

A while later, she turned up at my elbow. I gave her the glassy passing smile I thought was appropriate. She gave me a more purposeful smile in return, and I paused. Had I missed something? Did I know her from somewhere? She didn't look at all familiar to me, and I only just stopped myself from dropping a clanger and asking her if I'd seen her somewhere before.

She shouted something over the music and I put my ear closer to her mouth, checking quickly at the same time to make sure my intended was still there. She wasn't. The woman at my elbow was shouting about buying me a drink.

I said, "Sure." She ordered it and another for herself, and we clinked the rims of our glasses and sipped our drinks and moved our heads to the music.

"Do you want to get out of here?" she shouted, after we'd finished that drink and then another.

My friends were gone. The crewcut college girl was dancing with her girlfriend, who was wearing a Brownie uniform. Two of my exes were petting pretty seriously in the end booth.

"Sure," I said, and we collected her leather jacket and my duffel from the coat check, and left.

Illustration by Caryn Leschen

Outside, there was a fine mist of rain and it was chilly. The Weather Channel had said there was a cold front moving in, and the rain would be snow before morning. We paused by the door and zipped up our coats, then stood looking at the sky and weaving slightly to stay on our feet.

"Do you want to get a coffee?" she asked suddenly, and I wondered how old she was. I said sure, then, as we walked, changed my mind. She seemed relieved.

"Do you want to go somewhere?" she said. "I live close by."

I paused, I remember, for just a moment—just long enough to let the rain run its fingers down my neck, and to hear a horn wail, and to see the college girl and her girlfriend come out of the bar and walk away in the other direction, their arms about one another's waists.

"Sure," I said, and we went.

"Have you ever been fucked?" she asks me, and I'm not sure what to say.

She's asking for good reason. For one thing, she's about to fuck me—poised with the black leather dildo jutting from her pubic bone like a single misplaced horn. Something in her stance reminds me of a matador, though I don't know why—I was in Pamplona last summer, and I saw the fights: matadors keep their hips back, protecting their vital organs. She stands with her hips thrust forward, the dildo standing at a kind of half-mast attention, quivering slightly as if in anticipation. I'm bent forward over the bed in front of her, my face pushed into the hump of her duvet, my pants around my ankles. I've turned my head slightly to the side to hear her question better—frankly, I wasn't expecting any talking from either of us, at this point.

She doesn't live alone, of course, and two of her roommates are awake and watching a movie on television in the next room as we do this. I met them when we came in, and here was the usual moment of embarrassment when we did introductions and she didn't know my name. Her roommates laughed in a way that told me it wasn't the first time. They lit another joint and offered it to us, and she took it and I didn't. When we left the room she put her hand on the back of my neck in the dark hallway and said, "I'm Beth." *Beth, Beth, Beth,* I thought to myself, then forgot it completely until the next day.

We stopped in the kitchen, where she drew a glass of water at the tap, and I stood next to her in the semi-gloom and looked at the string of light-up chilis hung between the refrigerator and the windowsill. She drank some of the water and offered me the glass. She was lit from the side with chili-light, and she had a soft face, more rounded than I'd thought, almost moon-shaped. I drank some water and she put her hand on my ass and we went downstairs.

We hadn't kissed yet—her hand on my neck and then on my butt, where it had only stayed a moment, had been our only points of contact. She didn't touch me in the stairwell, or in the hall. She showed me where the bathroom was, and then the laundry room, as if I were a prospective buyer. I looked at her profile and at how far away from me she stood, and began to wish, in a vague way, that I'd spent the evening pursuing the other one, the one who'd got away.

The door to her bedroom was open, and she stood aside politely to let me go in first. I went in and stood in darkness, feeling absurd. She came in behind me and closed the door without turning the light on.

After a moment I said, "Is there a light?"

She turned it on and we stood there blinking. Her room was a mess. The drawers of her bureau stood open, spilling a tangle of Y-fronts and plaid flannel shirts and Beefy-Ts to the floor. Ashtrays overflowed on both of the windowsills, and a cache of half-empty beer bottles covered the bedside table and most of the desk. A miniature cactus was dying in a bright terracotta pot in the corner.

For a moment neither of us said anything; then I cleared my throat and said, "Uh—" She reached out, caught hold of the corner of my coat, and reeled me in.

We kissed. She was no-nonsense, meat-and-potatoes; the kind of kissing you see in the movies. It's not usually my favorite style—I like to play around a bit, especially with someone new and butch—but she did it well. She didn't touch me, but when I put my hand on the back of her neck she purred.

We occupied a few minutes that way, stumbling back and forth through the beer bottles and undershirts and used Kleenex, groping at one another and moaning when we got something right. I was smiling. I like necking; I like to schmooze and spoon and fool around. Most of the time, if I'm doing it right, it makes me want to burst out laughing. This woman, with her hand in my crotch and her leather creaking every time she turned her head, was very serious.

Another time, it might not have worked. My giggling would have pissed her off, her getting pissed off would have killed it for me, and we would have pulled our belts closed and said good night. It's happened before—I've been bid a white-lipped and hypocritical late-night farewell at the doorsills of many apartments. It's a disappointment, but I try no to think less of the women who've done it. I've had one-nighters drive me nuts in a hundred different ways; it's never perfect once you've left the bar.

This time, though, I could almost hear her grit her teeth and bear it, which made it easier to like her and to take her seriously. I stopped giggling. She put her hand down my pants. We sat down hard and gracelessly on the edge of her bed.

I was dimly aware that I was half-sitting on something hard and boxy, probably a shoe, caught up in her sheets. I could smell the dead butts in the ashtray next to us, and the clean laboratory tang of whatever she used in her hair. She was still kissing me, directly and persuasively, and beginning to lean forward, so that I was pressed backward onto the bed. I let myself go, and felt a size nine sole stamp my lumbar region. I stopped kissing her.

"There's a shoe in my back." She didn't say anything; without looking away from my face, she reached beneath me and rooted in the sheets. After a moment she pulled out a blue Doc Marten and tossed it to the floor. Before I could say anything she reached in again, and in another moment pulled out the second of the pair and tossed it down beside the first.

"Have you ever been fucked?" she asks. I'm not sure what to say.

We lay there for a minute. She was lying almost on top of me, her thigh between my knees, her face level with my breasts. She was looking serious. I could still see the corner of one of the shoes over the edge of the bed, and even through my duffel coat, I could feel something else. I opened my mouth cautious, afraid that I was going to laugh.

"Are you packing?" I asked her, and for the first time that evening, a slow, sweet smile spread across her face.

"Have you ever been fucked?" she asks me, and now I really must consider the question. It's a serious matter, to her, at least—I can't see, personally, how it matters or what difference it could make. Fucked or unfucked, or somewhere in between, are all about to become one. That's why we're here, after all. That's why I'm sprawled in such high state, my ass tipped in the air and my face somewhere down in the sheets; that's why she's standing behind me with her hands on my hips and a critical, appraising look on her face, as if she were standing in front of a late-night refrigerator, debating between dill pickles or Gruyère. I fuck, you fuck, she fucks, we fuck. I don't understand the question.

I discreetly fish a feather out of my mouth and consider my possible answers. Does she mean—have you ever been fucked by a boy? Is she worried about splitting my hymen—popping my cherry, they used to call it—about blood

continued on page 44

adventure girl

Conquers the Sexual Universe

by Tristan Taormino

i WENT TO A SWINGERS PARTY

DO YOU WANT TO GO TO A SWINGERS PARTY WITH ME?" SHE ASKED. i HAD JUST LANDED AT MICHELLE'S PLACE WEARY FROM MY GRUELING BOOK TOUR. i WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP ON HER FUTON.

"A swingers party?"

"Yeah, I know it's kinda strange, but I go every once in a while, and I'm seeing this guy right now, and we're going together tonight."

First of all, people actually still call themselves swingers? "Swingers" sounds like such a retro phenomenon from the seventies, reminiscent of wife-swapping, bong-smoking orgy-goers, and key parties. I saw that dismal key party in *The Ice Storm*—no thank you. Plus, it's 1998: shouldn't there at least be a new term coined? I'd go with something like S.A.S.H.: Sexually Adventurous Suburban Heterosexuals.

I debated internally. Michelle promised to give me her version of an "Introduction to Swingers" orientation before we left, too. What the heck—this might be my one and only opportunity to check out how the other half plays. I decided to go.

About a half hour outside the city, in an industrial park off the highway, we drove past rows of identical, nondescript, low-rise buildings. We were in the middle of nowhere. We looked for the only office with lights on, and a modest sign greeted us at the door: "Computer Users Group Annual Spring Meeting—Time to Clean Your Hard Drives!" (Michelle's Intro to Swingers Lesson 1: In order to rent its meeting space with discretion, the swingers group calls itself a computer group.)

Each office in the typical corporate space had been converted into a playspace; inside each door or makeshift curtain was a dimly lit room with one or more mattresses on the floor. The main common area looked like the all-purpose rec room of a suburban condominium complex: a modern bar, couches, big screen TV, and in the middle, a gray carpet leading to a wood parquet dance floor. You know, swinger's party tonight, George and Ida's 25th anniversary party tomorrow, and Adam's bar mitzvah on Saturday. Not exactly sexy, warm, or inviting.

The majority of the people there were white, professional, married couples in their forties. It didn't seem very promising to this dyke. But after coming all the way to a swingers party, I wasn't going to just stand around. I made eye contact several times with one guy until he came over and introduced himself. His name was Dave. He was vaguely handsome, well-built, and told me he was a TV producer. After we chatted for a while, he said he really wanted me to meet his girlfriend Lynn. (Intro to Swinger Lesson 2: Many of the women identify as "bi-curious," so there can be girl-on-girl action, but there is absolutely no boy-on-boy anything.)

Lynn was dressed in a pastel colored business suit. She had frosted blond hair cut in a neat chin-length bob. Stiff and nervous, she looked absolutely terrified to be there.

"This is my first time at one of these things," she said. She had a nice smile. Straight girls and femmes usually aren't my thing, so I was a little skeptical.

Since I was an out-of-towner, I planned on remaining anonymous at the party; unfortunately, someone recognized me from a recent local event and word quickly spread that I was the girl who wrote a book on anal sex. About that time, a line formed. One by one, men approached me and told me they wanted to have anal sex with me. (Lesson 3: The scene is pretty heterosexist and usually revolves around men: they're the ones who make the moves.)

After a particularly sketchy proposition from an overgrown frat boy and his drunk, reluctant wife, I decided that Dave and Lynn were definitely my best bet. (Lesson 4: There are three kinds of rooms. (1) Private: The door can be shut and locked. If unlocked, people can come in and watch if they first ask permission, but they can't join in. (2) Semi-Private: There is a curtain instead of a door. People come and go and watch; they can join in if they ask permission. (3) Anything Goes: self-explanatory.) Dave and Lynn wanted a private room.

They were both cautious and wanted me to take the lead. I took condoms, gloves, lube, and a butt plug out of my little backpack. (Lesson 5: Unlike the sex parties I've been to with safer sex rules and supplies everywhere, swingers rarely practice safer sex, so you have to be adamant about it.) I was still wary about just how bi Lynn really was, so I was pleasantly surprised when she was eager and enthusiastic. She licked her fingers and took my nipples between the slick tips. I kissed her as I unhooked her bra. The white lace revealed soft, full breasts and raspberry-red nipples. Her body was curvaceous–big hips, a dreamy round ass–the way I always imagined Joan Nestle looked from her erotic short stories.

Lynn was really in touch with her body, confident and sexy, and she proved it wasn't her first time with another girl when she went down on me. Dave was gentle and sweet. He touched us both with reverent hands. He stayed back for the most part, but not in that gross I-wanna-watch-and-jerk-off way. It was never about his pleasure. The focus shifted to Dave and me teaming up to make Lynn come, and we took turns pleasing her with our mouths and tongues and fingers, until she let out a high-pitched scream and collapsed. Her skin was glowing, and we stroked her and kissed her cheeks. Then we talked for a long time, probably longer than our sexual encounter.

I don't think I'm ready to become a regular in the swingers scene. But it was nice to dip my foot in a pool of foreign water—to see how it looked, smelled, felt. It's a world very different from my own. But for one night, I was a visitor, and the visit was memorable. I still believe swingers need a new name, but I've got to give them credit for creating a community where they can explore their desires. On that we can agree.

Every issue, Adventure Girl sets off for another sex-capade. Got an idea for her next mission? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax: 415.648.4705; e-mail staff@gfriends.com

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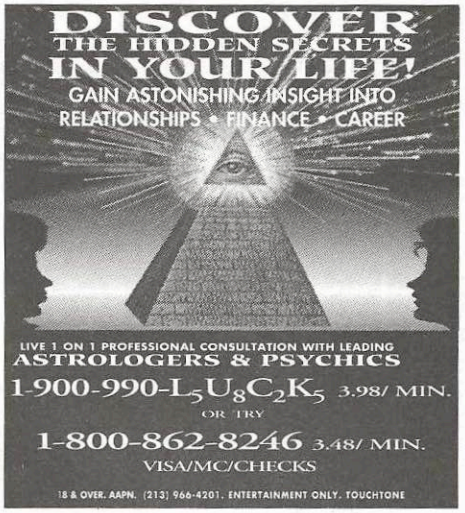

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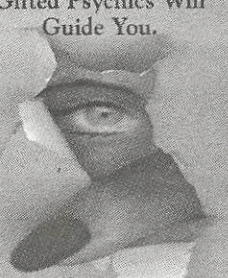

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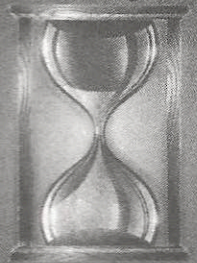

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Who are you?
Sex: ☐ Female ☐ Male ☐ Transgender ☐ _____
Identity: ☐ Straight ☐ Gay/Lesbian ☐ Bisexual ☐ _____

Race/Ethnicity:(you tell us)_____ Age:_____

Partner Status: ☐ Single ☐ Partnered ☐ More than one partner

Do you have kids? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Annual Household income: $ _____

Education: ☐ high school ☐ college ☐ advanced degree ☐ Masters, Ph.D.

Residence: ☐ own home ☐ rent ☐ other

Location: ☐ rural ☐ small town ☐ suburban ☐ urban

Vehicles (specify make):_____
☐ car ☐ motorcycle/moped ☐ truck/SUV

Do you shop by mail order? ☐ yes ☐ no
If yes, do you order by: (check all that apply)
☐ over the Internet ☐ fax ☐ mail ☐ phone

What have you purchased in the last six months?: (check all that apply)
☐ SM paraphernalia ☐ lingerie ☐ fetish wear ☐ lube
☐ safe sex supplies ☐ vibrators ☐ dildos ☐ other sex toys

Do you watch:
☐ lesbian-made erotic videos ☐ gay male videos ☐ mainstream adult videos

How do you get them?: ☐ rent ☐ buy

Would you use an On Our Backs lesbian phone sex line? ☐ yes ☐ no

Have you taken any trips in the past year? ☐ yes ☐ no

If yes, did you stay in a: ☐ in a hotel or motel ☐ bed and breakfast

What did you do last MONTH? (check all that apply)
☐ gone to a restaurant ☐ gone to a bar ☐ drank whiskey
☐ drank vodka ☐ drank rum ☐ drank beer
☐ smoked cigarettes ☐ smoked cigars ☐ chewed tobacco
☐ motorcycling ☐ gone bicycling ☐ raquetball
☐ inline skating ☐ jogging/running ☐ played pool

Which activities did you participate in last YEAR?
☐ golf ☐ played tennis ☐ snowmobiling
☐ skiing ☐ backpacking ☐ camping
☐ played softball

Do you vote? ____Yes ____No
Are you registered: ☐ Demo ☐ Repub ☐ Indie ☐ Green ☐ Other

How do you get On Our Backs?
☐ subscribe ☐ newsstand ☐ library

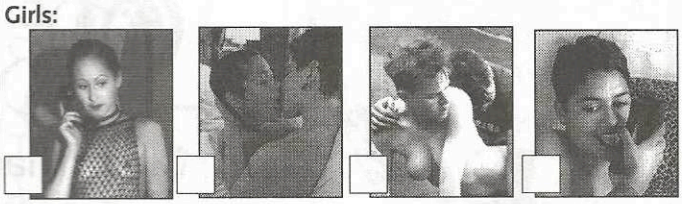
Is there a bookstore near you that should carry On Our Backs, but doesn't?
Name_____ Location_____

What other erotic publications do you read?
☐ mainstream porn (e.g. *Playboy, Hustler*)
☐ alternative porn (e.g. *Paramour*)
☐ lesbian porn (e.g. *Bad Attitude*)
☐ fetish magazines (e.g. *Skin II*)
☐ I don't read other erotic magazines

What other gay publications do you read?
☐ *Out* ☐ *Advocate* ☐ *Curve* ☐ *Girlfriends*

What do you think of the magazine?
Please rate the following sections of our magazine on a scale from 1 to 5. (**1**=hate it; **2**=don't care for it; **3**=doesn't turn me on, but doesn't bother me; **4**=like it; **5**=rocks my world!)

Girls:



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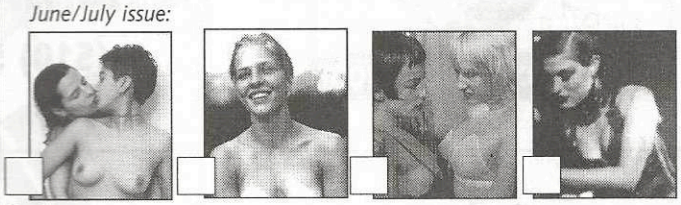

Features:
☐ Candye Kane Interview ☐ "All Anal, All the Time"
☐ "Fist" (fiction) ☐ "Still Life with Dildo" (fiction)

Departments:
☐ Advice by Nina Hartley ☐ Adventure Girl ☐ Back Talk
☐ From the Editor ☐ Contributors ☐ Cartoon
☐ Cheers and Jeers ☐ How-To ☐ Letters

Reviews:
☐ Read it (books) ☐ Watch it (videos) ☐ Try it (toys)

How would you describe our pictorials?
☐ not similar to male porn, please keep it that way
☐ not similar to male porn, and I wish it was
☐ similar to male porn, and that's OK
☐ similar to male porn, yuck

The depictions of sex acts in our photos are: (pick one)
☐ too graphic ☐ not graphic enough ☐ good level of explicitness

The photos overall are: (pick one)
☐ a turn-on, incredible ☐ boring, seen it before ☐ just okay

What do you think of seeing dildos in pictorials?
☐ I like to see them ☐ it's gross to see them

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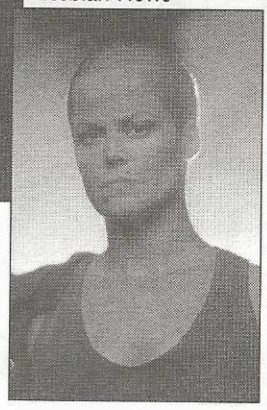
cheers & jeers

"My definition of love: Sigourney Weaver, an economy size bucket of lube, and my fist."
Lea DeLaria, in the Lesbian News

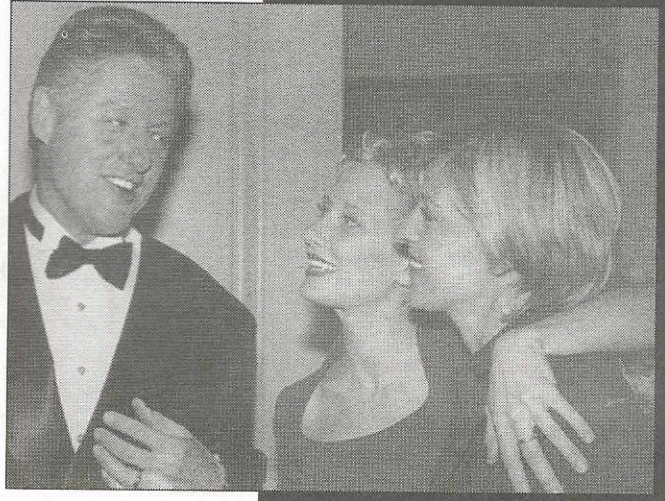


"I say if you really want to do something for yourself, go get yourself a vibrator. If as many women bought themselves vibrators as they do breast implants, the world would be a better place."
Celina Hex, in Bust *magazine*

"There's a big difference between watching the Spice Girls and a porn flick. A porno has better music."
Phil Spector, in Penthouse

"Sexual freedom is not unethical, irresponsible, or ungrounded in values. It is grounded in self-esteem and in people having power to be sexual agents–to have choice." *Urvashi Vaid in the* Advocate

"I had no idea that I had my arm around Ellen in front of the president. That's just how we are; we're like magnets...And how awful that in this country we think that we shouldn't show affection in front of the president. We should be saying to him, 'Why don't you have your arm around your wife?' Well, now we probably know why."
Anne Heche, in Out *magazine*



"Men have been the sexual aggressors for a couple million years. Let's not screw with that too much."
Adam Carolla, cohost of MTV's Loveline, *in* Cosmopolitan

"I don't believe the gay community needs special protection. They already enjoy the same rights I do. They shop where I shop, buy cars where I do, buy homes, and have police and fire protection. There is not one right they've been denied."
Loren Hansen, explaining why her print shop in Michigan refused to print raffle tickets for a gay fundraiser

"There may be a class bias in any new lobbying organization. Frankly, however, I do not think this is a bad thing. It is the reality of our society."
Rob Hennig, answering critics who claim that the new Gay and Lesbian Equality Lobby (G.A.L.E.) will not represent a diverse community

"I will not treat homosexuals because that is a genetic defect which I do not want to propagate."
Dr. Richard Seed, who intends to start a human cloning clinic in Tijuana

"That she and her companion are hugging in front of the President—I mean, it's slimy."
Tony Danza, speaking of Ellen DeGeneres and Anne Heche to reporter Tom Snyder

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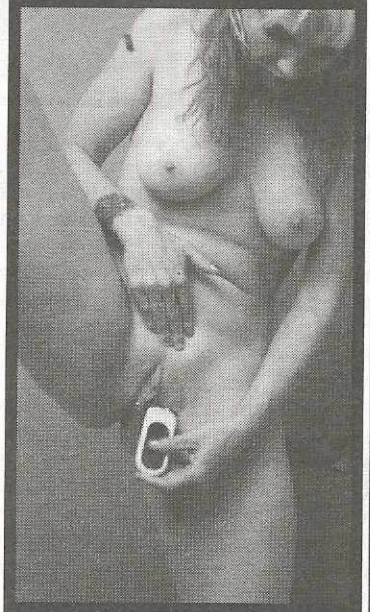

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FETISH VIDEO

continued from page 29

ALL ANAL, ALL THE TIME

vagina in the male view, there is no mystery surrounding the anus. We can all experience what it feels like to have our assholes touched or to touch an asshole. And no one can accuse you of anus envy.

On a more basic level, a great deal pleasure is to be gained from exploring our anuses. Many sexologists have suggested, for example, that women's G spots can be stimulated through anal penetration. Research now indicates, moreover, that the clitoris is not just that little nub under the hood, but a complex set of internal nerves that reach around the vaginal cavity and connect to the pelvic muscles. (Morin and others call it "the sprawling clitoral body.") As such, your asshole is, physiologically speaking, an integral part of the orgasmic process. As Morin puts it, "The anal sphincters are intricately linked with all the other pelvic muscles; Masters and Johnson noted that they go into glorious spasms at exactly the same rate [as our genitals]. Every orgasm is, at least in part, an anal orgasm." As sexologists link the anus to the orgasmic process, what we are seeing is, in a sense, the "genitalization" of the asshole.

The psychological and emotional aspects of anal sex with a partner are equally important. Any sexual interaction where one person gives their body over to another can raise deep issues of power and trust. The power dynamics can be especially magnified during anal sex because it is such a forbidden act and because of the physical delicacy of the anus and rectum. But it is not just about rubbing and pumping and thrusting; the intimacy of anal pleasure can be extremely important—perhaps even more important—than the physical sensations.

Fronting the rear-end revolution

When I appeared on his radio show, Howard Stern asked me one of the questions I am most frequently asked about anal sex: what was my first experience like? The shock jock, like many people, was shocked to learn that my virgin foray into anal territory was with another woman. Some of this reaction can, unfortunately, be chalked up to plain old heterosexism or the belief that lesbians are asexual.

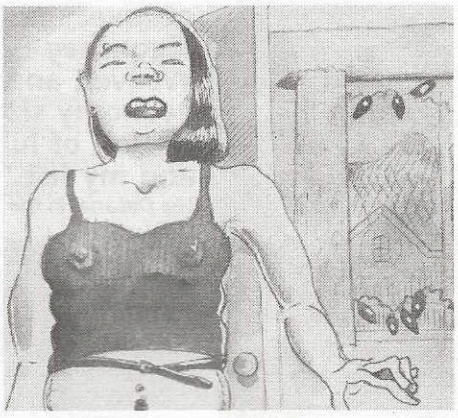
But to me, it seemed logical that I learned about anal sex from a lesbian because lesbian sex has always been about breaking the rules. When I began sleeping with women, I felt freed from any kind of heterosexist script. Suddenly, all body parts were potential erogenous zones, all methods of licking, stroking, and fucking were fair game. Therefore, it makes perfect sense to me that lesbians and bi women are leading the effort to liberate anal sex not just for themselves, but for all women and men.

Indeed, queer women are behind nearly every recent significant anal sex project. Kim Airs and Carol Queen, two bi women, regularly produce anal sex workshops across the country. The only instructional video on anal sex was written and directed by the bisexual porn star Nina Hartley. *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* was written and published by queer women. More recently, Fatale Video, run by **On Our Backs** co-founder Nan Kinney, released its newest video, *Bend Over Boyfriend: A Couple's Guide to Male Anal Pleasure,* an instructional video about women anally penetrating men. While Fatale has specialized in lesbian sex videos, Kinney says, "*Bend Over Boyfriend* fits into Fatale's mission: it tries to present sexual practices that are authentic, alternative, and not normally seen in mainstream porn...That it is heterosexual is really minor, I think." The director/writer Shar Rednour, the majority of the production crew, and at least two of the stars are queer women. "Of course gay men have always led the way when it comes to anal sex," says Kinney. "But I do think lesbians have a different perspective to offer heterosexuals: the strap-on perspective."

While lesbian, bisexual, and transgendered activists work to spread educational, positive, and sexy information about anal sex through writing, videomaking, and teaching workshops, all women should do their part in the revolution. We still have quite a long way to go in a country that promotes misinformation and misunderstanding and where sexual acts other than penis-vagina intercourse are still criminalized. You've seen your cervix—now look at what's right behind it. Backdoor Bettys of the world, unite.

continued from page 39

Still Life with Dildo

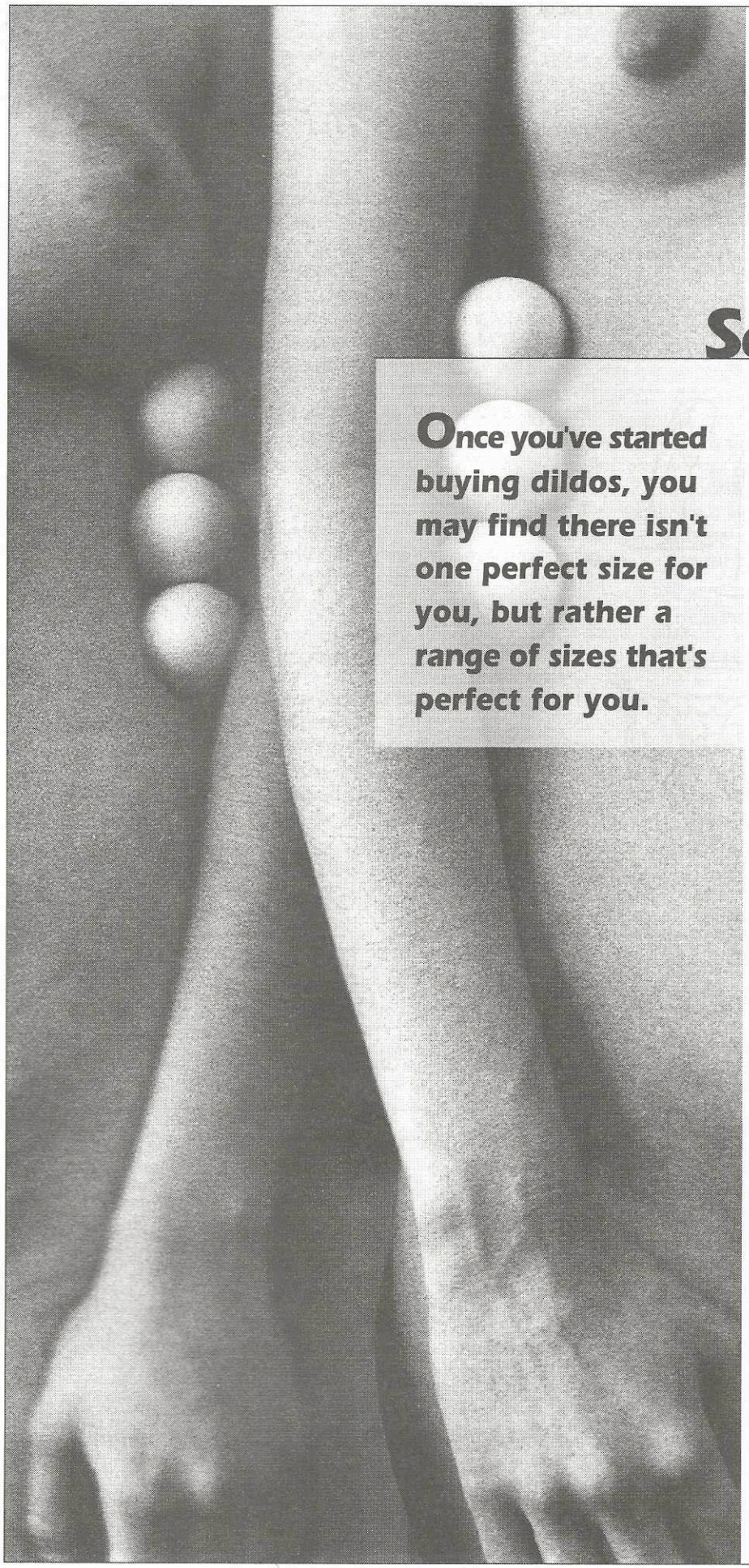


blossoming red on her creased white sheets? I think of a boy I used to know, in high school and in college, and our seven-year tryst, sweet and nearly celibate. I never could get used to that idea of sex, and he was the only one I ever tried it with. But that's serious, it's almost secret—it certainly isn't something I talk about with a one-night stand, whether or not she's wearing a wand. If that's what she wants to know, she's going to be disappointed.

Does she mean—have you ever been fucked by a girl? Meaning, do I do this a lot, am I into dildos, do I know how they work, what they feel like? I glance back over my shoulder at the dull black contraption hooked around her waist, and want to giggle again. It reminds me of the panty girdles that my mother used to wear, and tried to force me to wear once I was old enough. The only real difference is the long thick prong hanging out of the crotch, nodding to itself like an old man dropping off to sleep. She sees me looking, takes it in her hand and rubs it slightly, up and down. A misunderstanding. I can't take it as seriously as she can.

Does she mean, have you ever been fucked like this—as well as I'm going to fuck you? This is the rhetorical option—this is her talking herself as much as to me, talking to hear herself say the words, to turn us both on. Since I haven't been fucked by a girl before, I don't know the rules; I don't know if I'm supposed to reply at all to this kind of question, and I know that if I say the wrong thing it will all be over. The boy never presented posers like this. I don't want to think about it—if I think about it I'll either laugh or I'll snap at her, tell her to get on with it already. She's the one who pulled the thing out of her fly like it was the Grail.

"Have you ever been fucked?" she asks, and now she's had to repeat herself. Her eyes are narrowing, she's getting suspicious. Suspicious of what, I don't know. I search her tone for a new emphasis to tell me something, but I still don't know what to say. I can hear the television in the next room playing the credits of the movie her roommates were watching, the soundtrack swelling. I can hear them getting up and moving around, talking and laughing. Her fingertips are warm on my hips.



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Sex Toys 101

Once you've started buying dildos, you may find there isn't one perfect size for you, but rather a range of sizes that's perfect for you.

Dildos have always played a part in lesbian sex and lesbian sexual culture. Before dildos were manufactured and sold, resourceful, penetration-loving women created their own toys from materials at hand, like wood or clay, or from common household items, like the friendlier end of a hairbrush. Modern times have brought us a feast of choices, and lesbians are freer than ever before to explore the delicious world of penetration.

If you are buying a dildo for the first time, make sure you don't bite off more than you can chew, so to speak. A dildo that's too big around or too long for its purpose is a sad thing indeed. Happily, dildos are not penises, so no dildo has to be your final choice! Once you've started buying dildos, you may find there isn't one perfect size for you, but rather a range of sizes that's perfect for you. (Check out the Jane Doe line. It offers something for everyone.)

For women who have taken up gender as a sex toy, dildos enhance sex play like almost nothing else can. There are now high quality, silicone dildos for the bedroom (see The Realistics on the next page), and for the barroom (see Packy), that resemble penises. Most of us remember when the words "blowjob" and "lesbian" could not be used in the same sentence. Now we're free to write whatever sentence we want!

With the fluidity of gender and the variance of lesbian desire commonly accepted, and often celebrated, dildos have made their way into many a lesbian boudoir. And by all accounts, they are here to stay.

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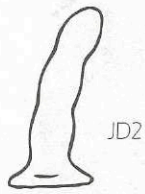
The Jane Does

The Jane Does are a series of pleasantly shaped non-representational dils. They are gently tapered from the tip and have a sinuous rippled shape.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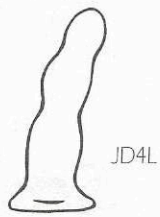
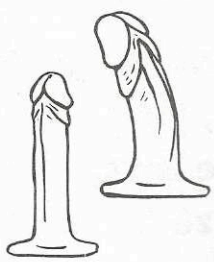

JD4L

Jane Doe 1	**6" x 1 1/8"**	**$34**
Jane Doe 2	**6" x 1 1/4"**	**$36**
Jane Doe 3	**6" x 1 3/8"**	**$41**
Jane Doe 4	**6" x 1 1/2"**	**$45**
Jane Doe 5	**6" x 1 5/8"**	**$49**
Jane Doe 6	**6" x 1 3/4"**	**$54**
Jane Doe 4L	**7 1/4" x 1 1/2"**	**$54**
Jane Doe 5L	**7 1/4" x 1 5/8"**	**$58**
Jane Doe 6L	**7 1/4" x 1 3/4"**	**$63**

The Realistics

These straightforward toys are made of firm silicone and are lavish in detail. Each size is available either straight or curved.



Sm/Sm curved	**5 1/4" x 1"**	**$38**
Med/Med curved	**6" x 1 1/2"**	**$58**
Lrg/Lrg curved	**7 1/2" x 2"**	**$68**

Terra Firma

Hats off to the designers of this harness. The O-ring snaps out for adjustability, the waist and leg straps connect directly to the ring for a rock solid fit, a leather pad behind the dildo protects those pinchable pubic hairs. There is room for the balls of the realistic toys some love so well. Available with either double D-ring or buckle clasps. Medium fits up to a 44" hip, large up to 54" hip.

D-ring Terra Firma $50.00
Buckling Terra Firma $62.00
Black or Purple Nylon $27.00

Packy

This semi-hard dildo is perfect for anyone who wants a realistic bulge in their pants. Unlike stiffer dildos it does not look like a rolling pin in your shorts. The dildo is firm enough to penetrate.

Two colors: tan & black. 5" x 1 1/2" $50.00

Boomerang

An innovative V-shaped design allows two women sharing this toy to face each other, and it's good for girl on boy butt love too. Coupled with a snug-fitting pair of men's briefs, the woman with the short end can control the toy with no hands, eliminating all the awkward positioning most double dils necessitate. Available in regular or small. Sizes below indicate the smaller side's length and diameter first, the larger side's second.

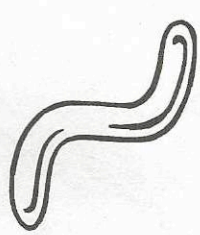
Regular	**5 1/2" x 1 3/8" and 8 1/2" x 1 3/8"**	**$82.00**
Small	**5" x 1 1/4" and 7" x 1 1/4"**	**$68.00**

Trihelix

The twisting strands of trihelix provide lots of stimulation. Not just a 'slam bam, thank you ma'am' model, the ribs of tri-helix make every instant one of definite sensation. 6 1/2" x 1 1/4" **$48.00**

Crystal Wand

This 10 inch clear acrylic S-shaped wand is perfect for stimulating the g-spot. Designed by a woman to help other women unleash the energy of this sensitive area, the wand comes with a 7 page guidebook on the g-spot and the wand. **$50.00**



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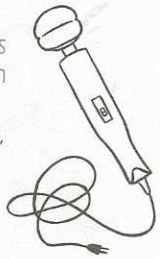
Known as "the cadillac of vibrators," this is perhaps the world's most popular sex toy. Its strong vibration makes it an unfailing friend in masturbation, and its symmetrical shape makes it a natural for partnered, face-to-face fun.
2 speeds, spongy head. $45.00



Pocket Pal
About the size of a human penis, but much less demanding, smooth pocket pal is certain to feel good. Pocket Pal is one of our most popular dildos because it is a size that fits a lot of people, is pleasantly soft, and has proportions that are, well, cute. 6" x 1 3/8" **$35.00**

Astroglide
The exalted lube of lubes. It's extremely slick, stays wet for a long time, has almost no taste or scent, and doesn't dry sticky. Hands down, the best.
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2.5 oz. $8.50
5 oz. $14.00

Jane's Bonds
Nylon web cuffs cushion lined with soft black fake fur. Four foot tethers add convenience. Adjustable for wrist or ankle restraint. **Black or purple. $27.50**

Tweezer Clips
A favorite nipple clamp, these rubber tipped tweezers easily adjust from light to tight. **$12.00**

Fuzzy Blindfold
Lined with comfy fake fur, this attractive blindfold blocks out all light. Black. **Leather $22.00**
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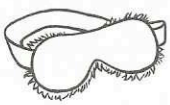
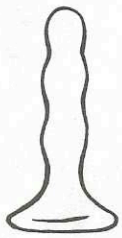
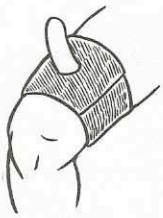


Jane Wa
This silicone line brings another time-honored butt toy shape into the present and beyond. The sphincter-pleasing form is designed for in-and-out play. Can be worn in a harness.

Jane Wa 1	**4 3/4" x 7/8"**	**$20.00**
Jane Wa 2	**5 1/4" x 1 1/8"**	**$27.00**
Jane Wa 3	**6 1/4" x 1 3/8"**	**$34.00**
Jane Wa 4	**6 3/4" x 1 5/8"**	**$40.00**



Wrap-On
Simplicity is at the heart of this latest thigh harness. One size truly fits all — all thighs (up to 36") and all dildos. Stretchy wetsuit material, 40" x 7", wraps around your thigh and closes with velcro at any point along its length. A hole at one end will stretch to accommodate any dildo. The stretchy material feels sexy on! **$29.95**



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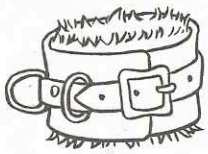

Onyx Collar
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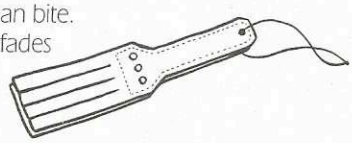

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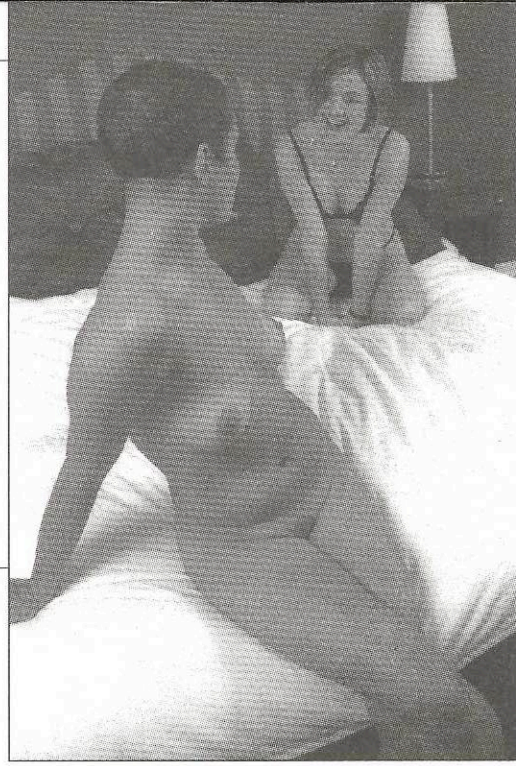
What's the most memorable thing you've ever said to get a woman in bed?

Compiled by Dana Schneider



We were talking about breast size, and she said, "You don't look like a size A." So I grabbed her hand and put it on my breast. That was that! *Loralee*

I love this one: you say, "Do you play the violin?" and the woman says, "No," and you say, "Neither do I, let's fuck." It's great. It works every time, and with any instrument. Missy

The bunny peed on the bed, and I said, 'I have to change the sheets but you can stay if you like; I'll even give you pajamas.' *Rimma*

"The only reason I'd throw you out of bed is to fuck you on the floor." Louise

I heard there was a girl at school who liked being bitten. So even thought we had never spoken before, I went across the room at a frat party and bit her on the shoulder. She fell to her knees crying. Afterward she had a bruise on her shoulder the size of a small melon. It was really sexy, and we had a long, loving relationship after that. *Katrina*

"Do you wanna play carnival? Sit on my face and I'll guess your weight." Anna

I have to admit, I've never talked anyone into bed before. I'm terrible! *Sharon*

One time I sat on someone's lap and said, "Are we gonna have sex now or what?" Deborah

Hmmm. On the spur of the moment? That's assuming I'm a ho, which I'm not. I'm not usually a one-liner type of gal. Ummm, okay: "I love the way your lips are shaped. I'd like to see the rest." *Hooch*

"I heard you had a pet beaver. Can I see it?" *Liza*

I can't answer that question because I don't talk. They get me into bed. *Hortense*

"The X-Files are over. Let's go to bed." Works like a charm.' Lisa

I've spent a lot of time not talking to women to get them in bed. When I'm attracted to someone, I avoid them like the plague. *Heather*

I threw a drink on both of us and said, "What do you say you and I go back to my place and get out of these wet clothes?" Brandy

I spun a tale about how every queer Indian woman is well-versed in Kama Sutra, that we know it backwards and forwards. Of course it's a crock of shit, but it worked, so I used that line several times since then. I'm still using it. *Kulfi*

Tell us: **How did you know you were in love?** Write **On Our Backs,** 3415 Cesar Chavez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax 415.648.4705; e-mail: staff@gfriends.com

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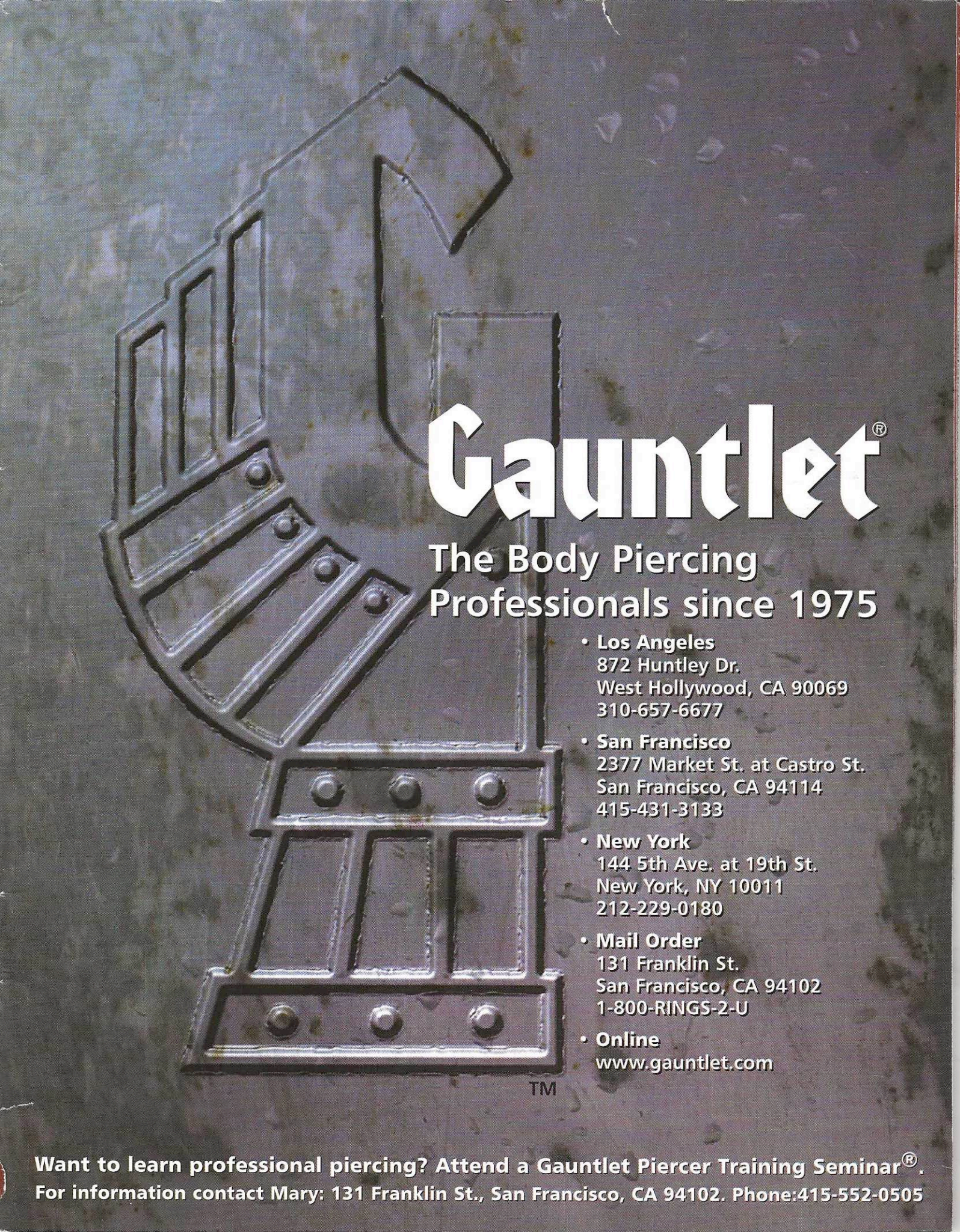
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